

The NEW TRAIL



UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, WINTER, 1951

VOLUME IX

NUMBER 4

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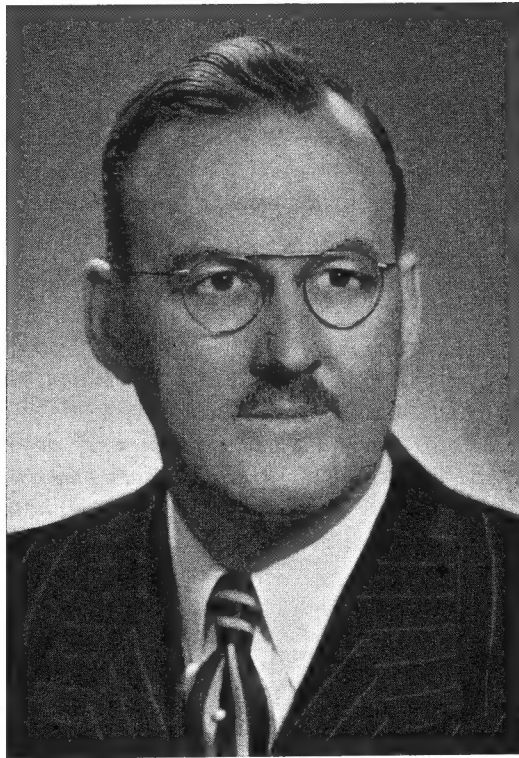
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In Memoriam



J. W. E. MARKLE
Permanent Secretary, Alumni Association
University of Alberta
Died December 9, 1951

A TRIBUTE

TO

J. W. E. MARKLE

When he went to the first world war he was as gay and as gallant as young Lochinvar. When he returned they carried him off the ship on a stretcher. Was it worth while? Well, for some of us, but for that passage down the gangway, life itself would be a less gay and gallant thing than it has been.

Jack Markle first attracted my attention when he sang at a social at Josephburg, where he first taught. Daily I broke the tenth commandment until I had him as my choir-master in Fort Saskatchewan, where he came to us as principal of the high school. From then on, through all the years, a tried adoption bound us together with hoops of steel.

When a second call came to me from Vermilion, thither I went. Hardly had I been settled there when the chairman of the school board asked me if I knew of anyone suitable as principal of the high school. "Get Jack Markle", I said, "and all your troubles will be over", and so he came to us at Vermilion. My third call came from Camrose and thither I went. Hardly had I settled there, when the chairman of the school board came to me and asked if I knew of anyone who could put their high school into shape. "Get Jack Markle" again I advised, and so he came to us at Camrose. "For goodness sake", he said, "give us due warning where you are moving to next, so that we can get prepared". But for the next fifteen years neither of us made a move.

Let me speak first of Mr. Markle's abilities as a teacher and as an administrator. During the first year he came to Camrose he fell sick, and as I owed him so much I offered to take his class in French in the high school. I was there for a day or two when it suddenly struck me that something queer was going on. Such an absence of disorder, such a concentration of attention in class, such a respect for authority was apparent throughout the school that I wondered where all the stirring boys of our Sunday school could be! Then I realized that all this silence redounded to the praise of the principal. As an administrator and teacher, to use the words of the government inspector, he was without a peer. Part of this success lay in his ability to choose a staff of thoroughly competent men and women, whose loyalty and co-operation he instinctively commanded. But the largest part of his success lay, I think, in his genuine sympathy with all his pupils. Like Ramsay Macdonald's kindly dominie, "he left with his pupils such a memory as one delights to carry through the world like a Talisman".

Of course it was as his pastor that I knew him best, though if you understand me, I would rather be known as his padre, for there was a camaraderie between us that only this title suggests.

Each of us had an amateur's interest in astronomy which was shared by a mutual friend. On moonless nights it was our wont to sally forth to view the skies. Sometimes we shocked the staid and sober citizens by bumping into them on the sidewalk as we staggered around with our necks all awry. It only made matters worse to explain we were seeing stars!

But it was the war that unbared our hearts to one another. His eldest son, the light of his eye, an air pilot in North Africa, had been shot down. As the long, long months passed never had proverb truer fulfillment than "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick". At weary length he was given up for dead. Those were days that tried the souls of men and women and left them infirm before their time. But one day the joyous news came that the boy was alive, and I was there to share in the joy as I had been in the grief. One does not readily forget such experiences.

We had memorial services for each of the young men who fell in the field of battle, and at such services both men and women dried their eyes unashamedly as Mr. Markle's beautiful tenor voice quivered through the church, with a depth born of the tenderest sympathy.

As a choir-master he was superb. A man who had sung in many choirs once said, "His is the first one without a lemon". The greatest compliment that was ever paid to me was once when I was asked to adjudicate the singing at a country school fair. The authorities evidently thought that having listened to Mr. Markle instruct his choir for fifteen years I couldn't be as musically inept as I really am!

As alumni secretary he was a rare find, and as editor of *The New Trail* he was in his element for English was his forte. Possessing a fine nervous style of his own, he could charm an article out of the most diffident contributors. Withal he had tact and good discretion, and like a wise editor he had mastered the art of omission, a thing conspicuous by its absence in our modern journalism. Generous in his appreciation of others, prodigal in the use of his talents, thankful for friendships bestowed, and kind and courteous always, it surely was worth while carrying him off that ship on the stretcher. Now he has been borne away on another ship. It is the ship that is bound for that isle of happy memory.

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea".

As they carry him to the barge we bare our heads and bid him a loving Adieu and Bon Voyage.

—DR. M. S. KERR, B.A. '16, B.D. '18, D.D. '40.



Arctic Adventure

BY KENNETH A. WARD

"In Rory Borealis Land beside the Arctic Sea."—ROBERT SERVICE.

As I leaf through my diary, memories flood back of the forested delta and the white wastes of the Barren Lands, the innumerable lakes and streams, the brilliant stars competing with the pulsating multicoloured aurora. The Eskimos and Indians of the Mackenzie River with their friendly and childlike ways will always have a place in my heart.

It all began in the spring of 1949 when I became interested in the work of Indian Health Services, a branch of the Department of National Health and Welfare. On discussing the matter with Dr. P. E. Moore, the director at Ottawa, I learned that the position of resident medical officer was vacant at Aklavik, N.W.T. The outcome of this interview was that my wife and I with our two

Dr. Kenneth A. Ward is a graduate of the University of Ontario '46 and is now a demonstrator in the department of anatomy at the University of Alberta. As so well narrated in **Arctic Adventure**, his two year stint as resident medical officer at Aklavik and environs became a labour of affection amongst the Eskimos and Indians, those "Childlike souls . . .", with no thought of the morrow, exasperating at times but lovable just the same . . ." The aerial view of Aklavik reproduced above affords some idea of the area encompassed by this northern outpost, "situated on a point of land projecting into the west channel" of the mighty Mackenzie.

children found ourselves in early September on our way to Edmonton where I was to be given a short period of instruction in departmental procedures at the Charles Camsell Indian Hospital before flying fifteen hundred miles to Canada's most northern metropolis. Ten days later in a DC3 of the Canadian Pacific Airlines we were winging our way over the lakes and muskeg of the great north west and along the Mackenzie to the Imperial Oil refinery at Norman Wells, where it was necessary to change to a Norseman seaplane for the rest of the trip. After a few days delay because of bad weather, the Norseman took off for the final three hundred miles. And so in chilly September weather we landed at Aklavik, unique among towns, which was to be our home for two years. The usual crowd of natives had assembled on the beach. Among these was Joe Greenland, an elderly Indian, who was to be our handyman. Joe picked up our bags and strode up the steep muddy beach with the newcomers behind him trying to avoid sprawling in the mire.

We found the doctor's residence to be a ten-room prefabricated house on the waterfront where one could see the natives passing along their highway the river, in canoes and schooners. Heat was provided by four oil stoves and light by electricity from the town's diesel-powered generating plant. Water was obtained from ice stored in early winter in ice-houses. Considering that we were two hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle, living conditions were excellent. In the days that followed, we began to grasp the novel situation into which we had precipitated ourselves.

The Mackenzie River breaks up into three channels—west, main and east—at the southern extremity of the delta. Aklavik is situated on a point of land projecting into the west channel. Since its founding about thirty years ago as a trading post, Aklavik has become the main trading and administrative centre of the Western Arctic. Besides the Hudson's Bay store and several independent trading



Typical Eskimo Woman



The Author

posts, it boasts an administrative building containing offices of the district administrator, game warden and doctor. Both Anglican and Roman Catholic missions have a hospital and residential school, while the Anglicans have a cathedral of which the Reverend Canon Montgomery, a brother of Field Marshal Montgomery, was recently in charge. There is also an R.C.M.P. subdivision headquarters under a resident commanding officer. The department of national defence maintains communication by radio with the outside world. The equipment is manned by officers and men of the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals who, in addition, operate a small broadcasting station for the benefit of the people in the surrounding area. More recently the Royal Canadian Navy has set up elaborate radio equipment on the edge of the settlement. Thirty or more Indian and half-breed families live in the native area to the rear of the government and mission buildings. In addition to the residential schools which are rather overcrowded, there is a day school run by the administration of the North West Territories for white and native children who live permanently at Aklavik. The white population of perhaps one hundred and fifty souls is made up of government employees, missionaries and traders. A few white trappers have made the delta their home and live with their families in or near the settlement.

It was in this somewhat heterogeneous community that I was to be the only doctor within several hundred miles. As I walked through the incredible mud from one hospital to the other there was ample time to consider the situation into which I had plunged.

Early in October the freeze-up was upon us and all communication ceased with the outside world except by radio. The mud became frozen so that getting about was facilitated, and I was able to become acquainted with the patients and staffs of my two hospitals. All Saints hospital (Anglican) has about seventy-five patients, Eskimo, Indian and half-breed, about ninety percent of whom have tuberculosis in some form. The Immaculate Conception hospital of the Roman Catholic mission is smaller with about forty-five patients, mostly tuberculous. The hospitals are staffed by the missions with the exception of the doctor in charge who is a medical officer in the Civil Service of Canada. The Department of National Health and Welfare subsidizes the hospitals by means of day rates for patients who are wards of the government. This category includes Eskimos and treaty Indians. Indigent whites and half-breeds are the responsibility of the N.W.T. administration.

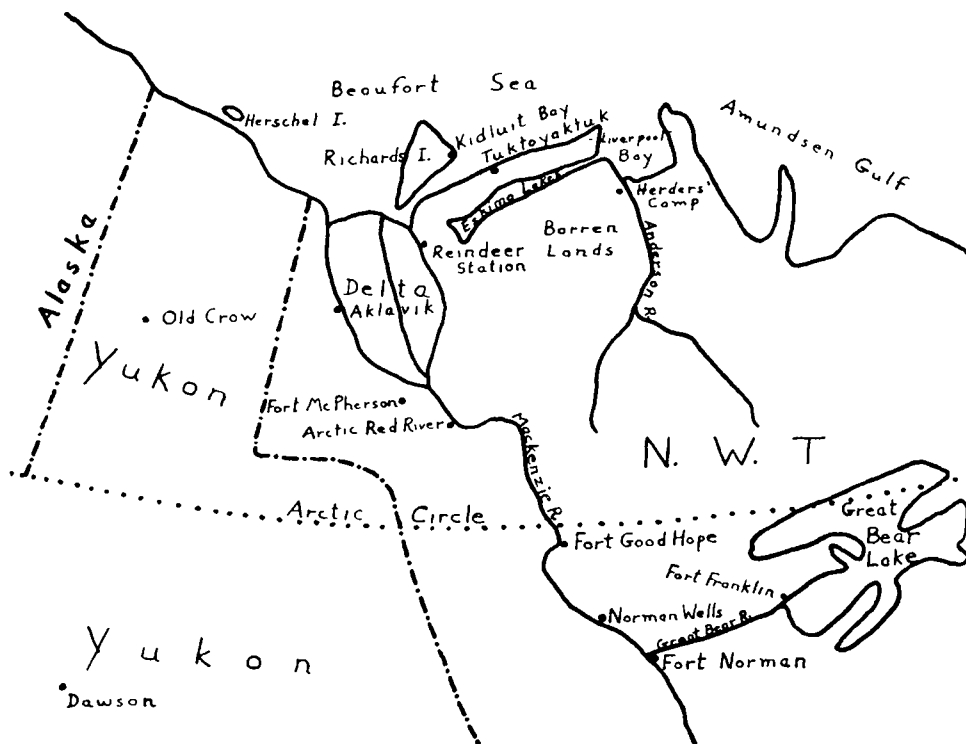
Both hospitals are equipped with X-ray apparatus and operating rooms. In addition there is the necessary equipment for doing weekly pneumo treatments on selected cases of tuberculosis. Consultation with reference to the treatment of patients and administrative problems is available at all times by radio from the director and medical officers of the Camsell Hospital. Patients requiring chest surgery are flown to Camsell for operation as are the numerous X-ray films for official reading and filing.

And so the weeks went by filled with new and fascinating experiences. Besides hospital visits and out-patient clinics, there were numerous inoculations for diphtheria, typhoid and smallpox to give at my office. Sick babies had to be seen in

the shacks of the Indians and sore throats in the residential schools. Middle ear and upper respiratory infections were common. Conjunctivitis and keratitis were not unusual in children with the scarring and partial blindness caused by the latter. Above all there was the ubiquitous tuberculosis to be considered and ruled out in almost every illness.

Frequently I would be summoned to the signal station to give medical advice by radio to outposts such as Tuktoyaktuk, an Eskimo settlement on the coast about one hundred miles from Aklavik; or Fort McPherson on the Peel River or Fort Good Hope on the Mackenzie two hundred and forty miles to the south. Perhaps an Eskimo child would have a discharging ear or an Indian a pain in his chest. It was necessary to make some sort of diagnosis with the information available. Then I would ask the local R.C.M.P. constable, teacher or trader to administer the treatment from the supply of drugs at each settlement. Many of these people became very adept with the penicillin syringe and were often able to save lives. I shall always be grateful for their assistance.

Sometimes the symptoms were more serious and I thought it wise to see the patient myself. On the night of our arrival in Aklavik I received a call from the constable at Arctic Red River, a small settlement just south of the delta. I flew there next day by means of the Waco aircraft of the Aklavik Flying Service. The patient, an Indian lad in his 'teens, had a suppurating epididymitis. He was flown to hospital at Aklavik as conditions in his log shack made treatment difficult.



A more complicated situation arose during freeze-up when the Waco was not at Aklavik. My wife and I were preparing to attend the annual hallowe'en party and were busy making final adjustments to our improvised costumes when the phone rang. The radio operator said he had an emergency call from Tuktoyaktuk. So costume and all, I went to the signal station. As the Hudson's Bay Manager spelled out the message in morse on his small transmitter, the story became clear. An Eskimo girl, the wife of a reindeer herder, had been sick for several weeks with fever and vomiting. She and her husband were living at a herders' camp near the mouth of the Anderson River, about two hundred miles from Aklavik. The messenger had travelled a hundred miles by dog team to reach the nearest radio station at Tuktoyaktuk. There was no way of dealing with this situation by means of radio and the diagnosis was obscure. I consulted Dr. W. L. Falconer, director of the Camsell Hospital, and he agreed that a plane should be sent from Yellowknife. Owing to bad weather the aircraft did not arrive for a week. It was a Stinson four place machine on skis. The pilot and I took off from Aklavik on November 7th about noon. The weather was overcast with temperature fifteen above zero. We crossed the forested delta and the Caribou hills along its eastern edge and reached the Barren Lands, an immensity of whiteness. Our course was then along the Eskimo Lakes in a north-easterly direction to the Anderson River. It was interesting to learn that the magnetic deviation of the compass is forty-three degrees east of true north in this region. The overcast became heavier forcing us to fly low over the snowy tundra. A menacing pall of cloud hung over the ocean at Liverpool Bay. The camp, we had been told, was on the shore of a lake near the mouth of the river. The twilight deepened as the afternoon wore on. The pilot remarked that oil pressure was falling off implying that he would have to attempt a landing. Then a red glow sprang up a mile or two away. The natives had lighted a fire to guide us in. A safe landing was made in the gathering dusk before a group of tents. The pilot checked the oil and found the crankcase almost dry, thus accounting for the failing pressure. He was able to remedy the deficiency by borrowing some outboard motor oil from the herders.

Meanwhile, I examined my patient. I found her in one of the tents lying on some reindeer skins surrounded by household articles, husband and baby. She was feverish, and on removing the none too clean blankets I found several bed sores on her emaciated body. Little could be done for her there, and the diagnosis was not clear, so I planned to take her to Aklavik in the morning. The herders asked me to see another sick Eskimo about whom I knew nothing. He had been ill several weeks and indeed seemed to be in poor condition when I examined him on his rude bed. I told him we would take him along in the morning. It appeared likely that both patients had tuberculosis.

The pilot and I picked out the cleanest and roomiest tent in which to spend the night. The herder, whose name was, Amaornaluk, and his wife made us welcome and prepared some bannock and tea on the small box stove. This with some marmalade constituted the evening meal. The pilot and I slept on reindeer skins, while the Eskimos, children and all, crowded together on a low wooden sleeping platform under a pile of blankets.



—The Doctor and a Young Eskimo Patient

In the gray dawn our passengers were loaded aboard the plane and we took off on the return trip. After dodging low-hanging clouds and being forced to land on a lake in the Barrens while the weather cleared, we reached Aklavik. Unfortunately the male patient did not survive the journey. It so happened that my female patient did not have tuberculosis at this time, but developed the disease a year later. A thoracoplasty has been performed on her at the Camsell Hospital, where she is at present convalescing. Experiences such as I have related with their spice of danger and sometimes their tragic as well as happy outcome, are what make the texture of medical practice in the far north.

Aklavik's period of relative isolation ends early in December when the freeze-up is complete. The Norseman then returns on skis with two months' mail, newspapers and magazines. Enthusiasm is widespread, and the tempo of life increases to alarming proportions. News from home, letters to be answered in the two weeks before the next mail, and Christmas not far away. Life is good and the Arctic is the place to be.

And then disaster struck at the Eskimos of the delta and the Indians of Aklavik and Fort McPherson. Measles, the red plague of the North, had arrived on the Norseman. A white child in the incubation stage of the disease had come from Edmonton. I was called to see him when the rash appeared several days later. He was isolated, but the damage was done. Two weeks later some of his white playmates came down with rash and fever. They too were isolated and we hoped

that perhaps the threatening epidemic had been checked. But measles is not stopped so easily. In two more weeks another crop appeared and the native children were not spared. While the disease is ordinarily not serious for white children with proper shelter and nursing, native kiddies in their poor environment frequently die of complications.

The battle of prevention was lost in Aklavik. Our own two children contracted measles. I still hoped to prevent the epidemic from spreading into the camps of the delta and surrounding settlements. A number of announcements were made over CHAK, the broadcasting station in Aklavik, in the Eskimo and Loucheux languages requesting the natives to remain in their camps and to refrain from travelling. I asked those already in Aklavik to stay there. Accommodation of a sort was available for them in several bunk houses belonging to the trading companies. The administrator declared a quarantine on the area. Responsibility rests lightly upon the shoulders of these children of nature, and my advice was not taken seriously. Reports soon reached Aklavik of measles in the delta. Cases in town were easy to treat with penicillin to prevent complications. They could not be hospitalized, however, for fear of spreading the disease among tuberculous patients, and of course the hospitals had little room anyway. An increasing number of cases developed in the delta with one or two deaths presumably due to complications. Vague rumours drifted in about whole families being ill without food or firewood.

It appeared that drastic action was called for. With the aid of the administrator, Mr. Bouchard and a number of volunteers, an emergency hospital was set up in the day school. In a few days it was running smoothly under the capable supervision of Mrs. Montgomery. A flying survey was carried out in the delta to ascertain the extent of the epidemic and to fly patients to the emergency hospital. I was accompanied on these flights by a constable of the R.C.M.P. Much credit is due the Aklavik Flying Service for risking the Waco in the many difficult landings on drifted lakes and channels in the stormy weather of early 1950. It was soon obvious that many families were in difficulty with illness and lack of food. Accordingly the N.W.T. administration supplied tins of dehydrated soup which we carried in the plane for distribution.

Over one hundred cases of measles were treated at Aklavik while some fifteen deaths occurred in the delta more or less related to the epidemic. The disease eventually spread to Fort McPherson, where fortunately there was a nursing station of Indian Health Services. Miss Terry Desrosiers deserves credit for the efficient management of that situation.

It was hoped that Tuktoyaktuk would escape, and every effort was made to prevent dog teams from entering the settlement. One night the inevitable happened. Some itinerant Eskimo drove his team into the town and sat down for a cup of tea with his friends. In a few days he developed a rash. Isolation was useless, and I waited for the sequel which would most certainly appear in exactly two weeks.

So it was that in late January I flew to Tuk to assess the situation. The government teacher, Miss Dorothy Robinson, and Father Franche were doing their



—Bringing in the Sick

best to care for the increasing number of sick. They took me to see a dozen cases that night in driftwood shacks almost buried in snow. Pneumonia and acute ear infections were developing, and clearly additional help was needed. As we sped by dog team over the ice of the harbour beneath the flaming aurora, I felt that a second emergency hospital should be organized in the Tuk day school. As a result of my radiogram to the administrator at Aklavik that night several volunteer nurses and a supply of penicillin arrived by plane the following day. All measles cases were moved into the school where they could be cared for conveniently. The situation was under control and I was able to return to Aklavik.

A few days later Dr. Paul Harvey and three nurses arrived from the Camsell Hospital to help with the work. The weeks sped by and the epidemic gradually burned itself out. By March the delta was back to normal. The patients at the emergency hospital at Aklavik were X-rayed before leaving, and several were found to have active tuberculosis, probably intensified by measles. These were squeezed into the crowded mission hospitals.

An exciting incident occurred during the rescue operations. Many of the landings made by the Waco were under conditions far from ideal. Visibility was often poor and the channels incredibly rough with drifts. One day on taking off from Aklavik the Waco struck a large drift. As the plane leaped into the air a sharp snap was heard below the fuselage. On looking out of the window I was unable to use the right ski. The pilot investigated and concluded that a support in

the undercarriage had broken, allowing the ski to hang limply under the plane. There was nothing to do but attempt a landing and hope for the best. Safety belts were checked as we approached the landing strip. The undamaged ski touched the ice, the plane remained on an even keel for a few seconds and then the right wing struck the runway. The machine made a half-turn and skidded to a stop with no further damage.

It is perhaps only fitting to relate the end of this plane which had served us so well. Mike Zubko, pilot and owner of the Aklavik Flying Service, and I were flying one afternoon in March to see a sick Eskimo child. A stiff breeze was blowing as Mike prepared to make a cross-wind landing in the narrow channel in front of the camp. All seemed well as the skis touched the snow. The cross-wind was to blame for what happened next, or perhaps the structure of the plane had been weakened by stresses. The undercarriage gave way, a wing struck the snow and with a terrific crash the Waco's nose struck the ice. The tail rose and the plane remained poised vertically, green gasoline from the wing-tanks staining the whiteness of the snow. We lost no time in getting out, Mike with a bleeding lip and I with a severe pain in my leg. Clearly the plane would never fly again. I felt sorry for Mike, who I knew had a real affection for the machine. The emergency rations were removed as well as the radio equipment and battery. The night was spent in the Eskimo camp, and before long we made radio contact with the signal station at Aklavik. Fortunately another plane was available, and picked us up the next day along with a patient. We never saw the Waco again.

The Arctic winter passed and spring came with brilliant snow-reflected sunshine dazzling the eyes. Muskrat trapping began in March and the town was almost deserted. By the end of May the snow had gone and the river broken up, initiating the busy shipping season with freight barges arriving from Yellowknife and Fort Smith. The beach was littered with freight, and one's goods had to be sorted out from the general confusion. The hours of daylight increased until in June the sun glowed red above the northern horizon at midnight.

Early in July I accompanied the Indian agent on the annual treaty trip from Aklavik to Fort Norman. When the Government made its treaty with the Mackenzie River Indians some thirty years ago, it became the custom for the medical officer in the agency to be a member of the treaty party. Opportunity is taken to X-ray the Indians in each settlement along the river and to give inoculations for diphtheria and smallpox. The Indian agent's duties involve the discussion of business with the bands and the payment of treaty money amounting to five dollars a head. The ceremony is colourful, as the agent sits at his flag-draped table in a tent or in the open air with a constable of the R.C.M.P. in red serge. My needle-driving sideshow and X-ray program tended to be less popular. With persistence one can persuade most of the natives to accept an X-ray, although many of them are afraid of being sent to hospital with tuberculosis. My luck deserted me when we visited Fort Franklin on Great Bear Lake, the site of the winter quarters of the Franklin expedition in 1825. With the exception of a few, these Indians refused to be X-rayed. Fortunately, situations like this did not very often arise.

Another highlight of the summer was a visit in July to the reindeer roundup at Kidluit Bay on Richards Island. The reindeer industry began in 1935 when a herd of over two thousand deer purchased in Alaska by the Canadian Government was delivered to selected grazing grounds at the mouth of the Mackenzie. The long trek through Alaska took five years, and was in charge of an experienced Lapp herder. In the meantime the reindeer station, headquarters of the industry, was built on the East channel, about fifty miles from Aklavik. Each July the animals, now greatly increased in number, are rounded up in a corral on Richards Island and counted, classified and selected for slaughter later in the year. The government has hoped by this experiment to interest the Eskimos in the life of the herder and so to provide a stable industry for them. Although there are two small herds under native management at present, the more lucrative but less certain income of the trapper has appealed to most Eskimos, who with their wandering tendencies do not take easily to the responsibilities associated with reindeer herding.

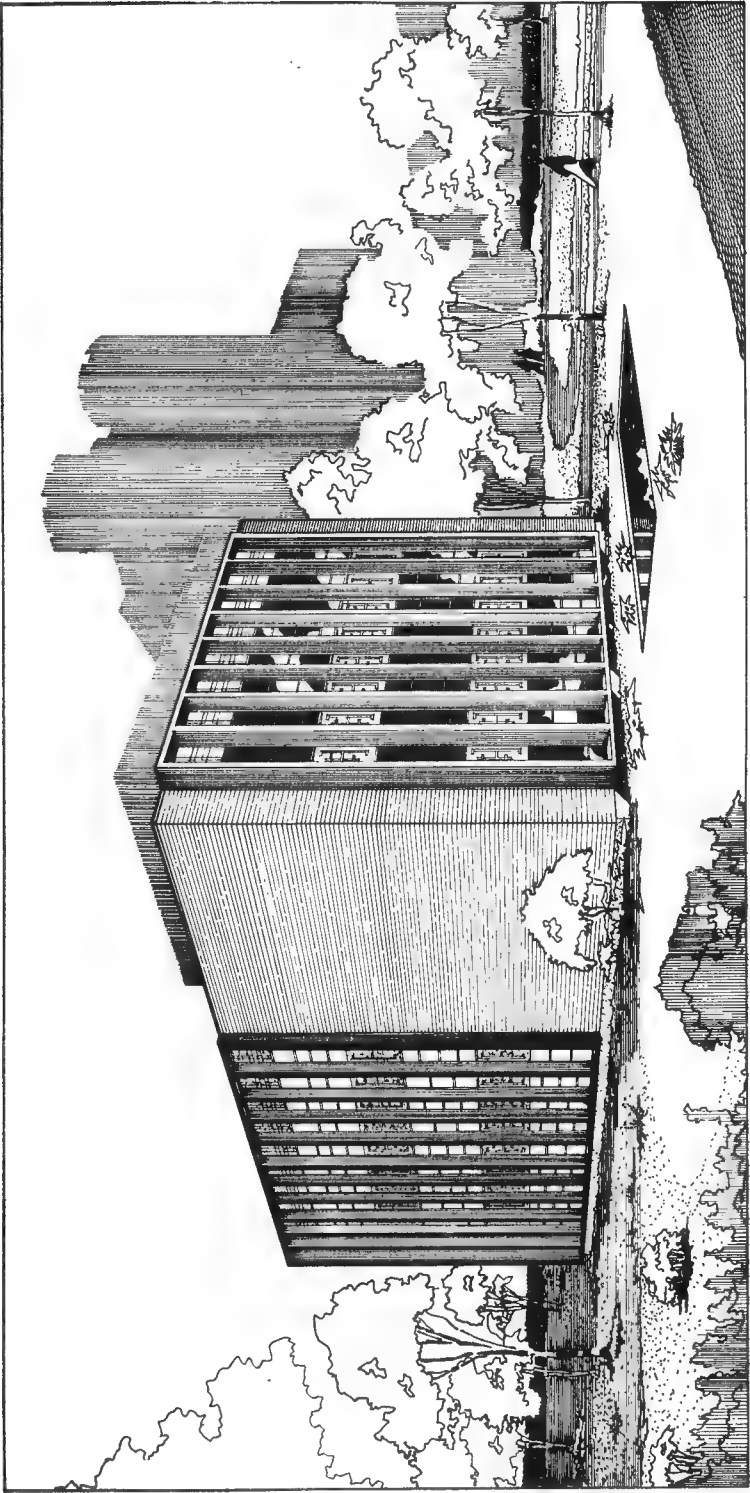
Our second winter was less dramatic with no epidemics. Dr. Orford of the Camsell Hospital made one or two routine visits providing a welcome opportunity for me to talk over medical problems. Then Dr. A. Laurent-Christensen, who had spent nearly thirty years in Greenland, arrived to help with the work of the two hospitals.

The people of the North deserve a few words of description. I shall not include the white residents who, with few exceptions, are like white people anywhere else. Much can be said about the Mackenzie River Eskimos and the few Alaskans who have migrated into the delta attracted by the muskrats. Childlike souls they are, with no thought of the morrow, exasperating at times but lovable just the same; victims perhaps of the civilization which has often taken more than it has given, and of the white man's tuberculosis, the ravages of which are being checked at last. Caught between two ages, they remain the friendly folk they have always been. I believe they are simply incapable of worry, and especially when ill are resigned to whatever fate may come. Their philosophy in the face of tragedy is simply, "It can't be helped." Ameliorating to some extent the impact of the white upon them have been the missions which, in spite of differing beliefs, are doing their part for the physical and spiritual aspects of native life.

The Indians of the Mackenzie River belong to the large Athapaskan family, which includes the Loucheux of the Yukon and southern delta and the Slavies of Fort Good Hope, Fort Norman and Fort Franklin. The Loucheux are mostly Anglican while the Slavies have largely embraced the Roman Catholic faith. Since the war, the Department of Indian Affairs has built schools at each settlement with the object of enabling the natives to more effectively participate in the development of Canada's Northland.

We often think of them, and perhaps some day we shall see them again, these native friends of ours along the Great River and beside the Arctic Sea.





Architect's Drawing of New Theology Addition
— St. Stephen's College —

Faith, Labour, and Dreams

BY D. J. C. ELSON

Not long ago, from the lectern in the north classroom of St. Stephen's College, there was an unobstructed view of the campus to Saskatchewan Drive. Now, the Rutherford Library stands where it ought to stand, and we rejoice in this most beautiful and important building. From the south the university farm could be seen on a clear day, but now row upon row of hospital buildings, laboratories and residences separate us. The solitariness of this first building on the campus is being relieved as the hopes of those who first planned the university are being realized year by year. And the expectation that there would be a separate theological college beside the residence is being fulfilled even now. The superstructure is up and if all is well a modern unit will be ready for occupancy by next October. There is a saying that "the first shall be last, and the last first", and it has been so, to a certain degree, in this matter of buildings.

Our legislators have shown good judgment in making available large sums of money in these days of prosperity so that recently our growth as a university has been relatively painless. Their predecessors were wise in the selection of a site in a city which promises to make their wildest dreams seem like a prosaic tale. To most of us the development of our city and university is taken for granted, but they did not come to their present state without the faith, labour, and dreams of many men and women. In some ways the same is true of St. Stephen's College, but this conspicuous exception must be noted *that it has always been a private church college financed by the church and its friends so that its growth has been slower and more painful.*

When the Methodist Church in 1903 could number 1,890 members from Didsbury to the Sturgeon and from Lavoy to Carvell's Corners, and Edmonton city could claim 163 and Strathcona 151 of these, it was moved to think in terms of a college. The first motion is a document of faith.

Judge H. C. Taylor moved—"That whereas this north-western part of our Dominion is very rapidly settling up, and whereas conditions are such in many parts of these vast territories that educational advantages either do not exist at all, as in the case of isolated ranchers, or only to a limited extent in many other instances: And whereas the City of Edmonton has grown to be an important and influential centre and has every prospect of becoming, in the near future, commercially one of the most flourishing cities in Western Canada, a future assured not only by its geo-

Everyone who has passed through the portals of learning at the University of Alberta is familiar, directly or indirectly, with St. Stephen's College. But to date little has been written of its history. Now, on the occasion of the building of a new theological addition to the mother college, we are afforded an insight into the **Faith, Labour, and Dreams** that accompanied the growth of this laudable religious institution.

Our chronicler, Mr. D. J. C. Elson, B.A. '35, M.A. (Columbia) '38, is Dean of the Faculty of Theology at St. Stephen's College.

graphical position, marking it as a railway centre in at least one if not two great transcontinental lines, but on account of the vast and fertile agricultural lands tributary to it. And whereas the Methodist Church has always recognized the value of all forms of sound education as a handmaid to religion.

"Therefore Resolved: That this District Meeting respectfully memorialize the Annual Conference to render all possible assistance by counsel and influence to initiate such a movement as may result in the establishment in the city of Edmonton, at as early a date as possible, such an Educational institution as the rapidly developing condition of our Church and Country require." (1)

This was the initiating motion which brought Alberta College into being, and it was from this school that Alberta College South, which we now know as St. Stephen's, was to spring.

Between the petition and the opening of the College no time was lost. The first principal, Dr. J. H. Riddell, has written: *"On Monday morning, October 5th, 1903, in a large room over Johnstone Walker's store on Jasper Avenue, east of McDougall street, the unnamed College began its career with no students, no staff, no buildings, no endowment; only a principal and a little group of hopeful loyal men."* (2)

Before the year was out, however, there were 15 students enrolled in Arts, 35 in the business courses and 23 in music and elocution. It was from the fifteen in Arts that the first students for the theological college were to come, but before that some of them were to register in the first classes at the University of Alberta. The fact that two years of the Arts course had to be taken extra murally from McGill may have quickened the conscience and provincial pride of our legislators to hasten the founding of our university.

From these earliest days names long associated with the University of Alberta were already known in Alberta College. At the formal opening of the College on December 3, 1903, Mr. Rutherford, M.L.A., was present. Mr. C. E. Race, who Dr. Tory said was Alberta College's best gift to the university, was brought from Coburg to head the business school. Dr. H. M. Tory who had charge of McGill's extra mural work visited the Alberta conference in May 29, 1905, and as the minutes have it, *"Rev. Professor Tory of McGill University was introduced by Rev. G. W. Kerby and briefly addressed the Conference."* (3)

So great was the growth of this institution that the rather flamboyant words of the pastoral address to the annual conference in 1908 are really sober history. It reads in part: *"We commend to you the educational interests and institutions of our Church which are so essential to the foundation and building up of an efficient ministry: and among our many colleges, we are especially proud of our connectional institution at the Capital, Alberta College, which has had a splendid founding, such efficient management, such phenomenal growth, and gives promise of becoming one of the proudest possessions of our Church, and the brightest in all the galaxy of institutional gems, which are at once the crown and glory of Methodism."* (4)

1. Minutes of Edmonton district meeting, 1903.

2. Methodism in the Middle West—J. H. Riddell, Ryerson, p. 272.

3. Minutes of Alberta conference of the Methodist Church, 1905, p. 59.

4. Digest of the minutes of Alberta conference of the Methodist Church, 1908.

When a course in theology was suggested for Alberta in 1907 the educational committee of the Methodist Church gave Alberta College the right to establish a faculty in theology as soon as the provincial university was in operation. This close connection between the university and the theological college had been intimate from the start. One set of early minutes reads: "*The establishment of the Provincial University in the city of Strathcona will mark a new era in the progress of higher education in Alberta. It is the purpose of the Board to seek the closest possible affiliation with the University and to co-operate in every way with the Government to build up a thorough educational system in the Province.*" (5)

When the University of Alberta received its charter and land was set aside for its buildings, Alberta College was the first to avail itself of a 99 year lease on several acres of land. Principal Riddell has written as follows: "*As to the location of the University of Alberta, which had not at that time been settled by legislative action, there appeared a rather hectic struggle between Calgary and Edmonton at the session of the Legislature in 1909 for the possession of this coveted distinction. During the autumn, previous to the final settlement of the location of the university, the principal of Alberta College cut his way through the woods, cleared the timber from a portion of the newly acquired site of ten acres, and after digging out the basement laid the foundation of a new building. It was afterwards freely stated that the presence of this basement and foundation exercised considerable influence in making the decision favour Edmonton.*" (6)

Whether Dr. Riddell meant that he dug the basement by hand, is doubtful, but if there had been no other way he was capable of doing it. He was impatient of any delay.

When the report of the college board was made in 1911 the new building had been completed at a cost of \$130,000—"One year ago we told you that we intended to put on the university grounds a building which would be a credit to Methodism. We are pleased to tell you that we believe we have succeeded in carrying out our purpose. Not only has the faculty of theology been enlarged to meet the needs of 41 candidates, but 'the students have the advantage of taking lectures in English, Ethics and Philosophy in the University under Dr. Broadus and Dr. MacEachran. In our arrangements we are pleased to inform the Conference that Alberta College is able to offer her students very favourable advantages'." (7)

In architectural style Alberta College closely resembles St. James' Palace in London. Many have felt that Edmonton, then on the frontier, was a strange environment for a mediaeval castle especially when there was no ivy to soften its lines and no uniformed guards to draw one's eyes from its high turrets. The artistic judgment of the architect and builders may be open to question, but their faith, courage and zeal leave nothing to be desired. In the earliest days of this university, one hundred and twenty students were given residence on the campus, and a new faculty was housed.

5. Digest of Alberta Conference minutes of Methodist Church, 1908.
Report of the board of managers of Alberta College.

6. Riddell—op cit., pg. 274.

7. Digest of minutes of Alberta Conference of the Methodist Church, 1911, pg. 74.

The green cylinders which draw so much criticism are honourable scars, for during the war most of the building was a convalescent hospital. The chaste fire-escapes were replaced by these spirals, and although veterans never had to use them, countless boys have climbed them only to be washed down by irate students to whose ears the clatter of little feet was anything but conducive to study.

During the last war the No. 2 Army training corps was housed in the north wing so that the college continued to make a contribution to its country. In both wars the student body was well represented in every branch of the armed services and the honour rolls and plaques bear mute testimony to the fact that many did not return.

At one period in its existence the building was in danger of passing to the university as a nurses' home. At a time when the registration in theology was low, the suggestion was made by the college board that overtures should be made to the university with this end in view. The outcome was that the south wing was separated from the rest of the building and became the nurses' home for the University hospital. At some future date some social scientist will probably wonder why so many United Church ministers married nurses between the years 1929 to 1947. This may have been one of the contributing factors.

If the relation of Alberta College South to the University of Alberta was close, it was to form another alliance even closer with Robertson College. The theological institution of the Presbyterian Church had been called into being in 1910 and was opened in 1911—in a ten roomed house on 76th Avenue. Dr. Samuel Walter Dyde and Dr. J. M. Millar were appointed with Dr. A. T. Barnard in charge of the extra mural work. 1913 marked the beginning of co-operation between the faculties which lasted until church union in 1925. The more commodious facilities of Alberta College were used for lectures and the students had the advantage of a larger academic staff of extremely well qualified men.

In 1927 when the two boards were united a new name was considered and several were suggested, among them, Mount Rundle, St. Paul's, Keewatin, St. Augustine, St. Stephen's, Clement. The motion by Dr. J. M. MacEachran that St. Stephen's be the name was adopted. The Presbyterians brought with them a fund which paid the mortgage on the old building and provided a substantial reserve. There was no marriage of convenience, but of love and mutuality.

It is not the building, not the boards, nor even the faculties which are the creators and bearers of the tradition, but rather the students and alumni. St. Stephen's has graduated 230 men and women who have not only filled pulpits in Alberta and throughout the church, but have gone into other Christian work. A superintendent of home missions, three principals and one vice-principal of Alberta and Mount Royal College and two principals of Indian Schools have served within the province. The head office of the Church has taken one as associate secretary of Christian Education and another for the same position in the department of Evangelism and Social Service. Five professors of theology are among its graduates, one of whom is the present principal of St. Stephen's. The Church's first lay leadership school at Naramata was founded by an alumnus. In still wider circles its graduates have

served as members of the Alberta Legislature, two as university professors, one the secretary of the John Milton society in New York, another the secretary of the World Council of Churches.

As a residence for students of every faculty, St. Stephen's has been attractive. Scarcely anyone who has come to it has been anxious to leave for more pretentious lodgings. Its floors have squeaked, the wind has howled around its windows, the rain has run in from the towers, the plaster has spread itself on the floors, the heating system has flooded, has banged or hissed and not heated. But the meals have been good and the fellowship which comes from a small group with self-government has been better. The riot squad of the Edmonton police department and the fire department has not been called too often—for the towers have lent themselves to an adequate defence against the onslaught of other residences.

The spirit of St. Stephen's has been friendly and informal. The old custom of small tables with a new seating plan each fortnight has helped men to know every other man in residence. The intramural basketball, volleyball and badminton have kept a friendly rivalry alive, while the annual hike, sleigh rides and other social functions have developed an esprit-de-corps. The religious life has been cultivated informally in vesper services and the inevitable "bull sessions". This closely knit community has participated in the activities of the university. Of the twelve members forming the first students' council, seven were from Alberta College and there are still representatives on the council. In interfaculty enterprises a Theolog team is usually listed. St. Stephen's is an active, integral part of the university.

The chapel is a lovely sanctuary. Many who have criticized the exterior have been silenced in this place of worship. The scarlet and gold reredos makes the white cloth of the communion table and its burnished cross the centre of attention. So secure a hold has this chapel on the affection of many that even as early as 8:10 each morning a group of men and women assemble for prayer. Many graduates, even some undergraduates have come here to be married, while some have returned with their children to be baptized.

Since the great depression the existence of this institution has been precarious. There were many in the East, who having little idea of the extent of our province and its particular needs, felt that better theological training could be given in a larger college. The General Council in 1950 decided that it was a time for advance, not retreat. In consequence a program for the complete renovation of the old building has been undertaken, a fourth professor has been added, and a new building is underway. The campaign to raise \$202,400 has begun and the principal and board of management are forging ahead with the same faith as their forefathers, resolved that St. Stephen's College shall continue to serve the province, the university and the Church in this new time of opportunity and challenge.



The Athabasca Trail

By J. G. MacGREGOR

In 1890, Edmonton was a village of five hundred souls. It was perched on the north bank of the river in a little clearing hacked out of the surrounding forest. It could be reached by steamboat, or by a rude wagon trail across the prairies from Winnipeg, eight hundred miles away. Of late years a new freighting trail had been made to Calgary, two hundred miles to the south, and over this the newly-built Canadian Pacific Railway could be reached.

It was such a little clearing, or rather, two separate clearings. The old Hudson's Bay Company's fort and a few associated buildings, which stood where the Parliament Building now stands, occupied one of these open places. South, across the river, loomed dense forest. North, the forest descended the hill from where Jasper Avenue is today. West, except for a few new buildings under the rule of the Catholic fathers, all was forest.

The other clearing was near the site of the Macdonald Hotel. Here, for three or four blocks, straggled the remainder of Edmonton, in some places three blocks wide. It, too, was surrounded by forest. So closely did the forest press, that, during the rebellion of 1885, it was thought advisable to make an open space around the town large enough for defence. That is, enough was cleared so that, if the Indians attacked, they would have to run across that cleared space, and this would give the defenders a chance to shoot them down.

There were trails here and there—little trails that left the main street and wound among the trees, and occasionally, struck across open glades. In a few miles these ended at the shack of the outermost settler. Besides these, five main trails radiated out of Edmonton. One crossing the river headed for Calgary two hundred miles to the south. Another south side trail went through Clover Bar, and was an alternative route to Winnipeg. Another wound its way west from the embryo town past the Catholic buildings and then plunged into the bush towards St. Albert, which, at that time, was a village bigger than Edmonton. It was the old Metis settlement, started by Father Lacombe and had now become the Episcopal centre. Rumours filtered into Edmonton of busy comings and goings of priests and bishops. They went to vague places, these devoted priests—to Lac La Biche, Chipewyan, Fort Resolution and to outlandish places, such as Lesser Slave Lake and Dunvegan. St. Albert was indeed a busy place. The trail did not stop there, however, but went on past it to Lac Ste. Ann and to the mountains at Jasper and, of course, to the Coast.

The trail going north-east was the oldest of all the white man's trails—the Old Victoria Trail, so called because it passed the Methodist Mission of that name

We are pleased to bring to our readers another fascinating story by James G. MacGregor, B.A. '26, B.Sc. (E) '29. There's just one regret. We were unable to print *The Athabasca Trail* in full because of pressure on our limited space.

about seventy miles out. It, too, went to Winnipeg. It was also the way to reach Fort Saskatchewan, the police fortress, and along it had grown up the farming communities of Belmont and Horse Hills.

At Belmont another trail branched off and headed north across the Sturgeon River—the Namao-Seepe of the Crees. This was the Athabasca Trail. This was the trail which completed Edmonton's claim to fame as the crossroads of the great highways. These five main trails, then, which had their origin in Jasper Avenue, were Edmonton's links with the civilized world, and with the unknown wilderness of the North. As each party set out upon any one of these trails, it drove down the main street for three or four blocks past the last house, where it set its wheels upon the two wheel-ruts in the moss and black soil and, following them, disappeared into the trees. On the Athabasca Trail, particularly, this way to Athabasca Landing led through one hundred miles of unbroken forest. Beyond that for hundreds of miles, no one knew how far, lay the uncharted forest. Winding through this great forest flowed brooks and creeks and rivers. Hidden in its recesses were unknown lakes. Little lakes, forest-locked, where the peep of the sandpiper crossed the lake and echoed from its other side. Larger lakes, where geese, pelicans and cranes bred and lingered late in the fall, where sandy beaches ran out to meet the sparkling waves. Immense lakes, where the north wind had a clear sweep of a hundred miles and wrought the waves into a frenzy as they smashed and ground against its rocky shores.

All these lay in the great unexplored forest, which covered the vast expanse north from Edmonton for hundreds of miles. This was the virgin forest, unconcerned with the little men who walked at the feet of its old trees.

It was through this forest that white men had cut the Athabasca Trail. It had been used by Indians for hundreds of years, this shortest way from the Athabasca to the Saskatchewan, but no one had laid axe to the trees along it. For untold hundreds of years the Indians had travelled it, respecting the forest and winding in and out around its trees. Then came the white man and his axe. He was moved to transport freight to Athabasca Landing in two-wheeled carts, and later on, in wagons.

So, one morning in the fall of 1883, a white man and his fellows set out to cut a road to Athabasca Landing. There had been earlier trails cut out by the white man. There had been Bishop Faraud's road via Lac La Biche. It continued to be used for a while after the Athabasca Trail had been cut. There had also been the trail from Edmonton to Fort Assiniboine, which Simpson, the fur-trader, had caused to be chopped out. But it was only a fur-trader's trail. It was not its purpose to let civilization into the country. Its fur-traders hoped that settlers would never come in. In any event, when the C.P.R. went through Calgary to the Coast, this road to Fort Assiniboine had ceased to be used, and in two or three years it was completely blocked by fallen trees, and soon ceased to exist.

Not so the Athabasca Trail. For it had been a trail long before there was any fur-trade. It is true it was developed by fur-traders, but once it was cut out of the

forest, it grew in importance, while the fur-trade diminished. Its life as a trail began when the first Indians, after sojourning in the country between Alaska and the Saskatchewan River, sought the Prairies. When the early surveyors began to lay off the country north of Edmonton into sections and quarter sections for the settlers, they noted on their maps the "Indian Trails" leading south from the Athabasca. In the early years of the nineteenth century the fur-traders had begun to follow this trail when they established communications between the Peace River Country and Fort Edmonton. By 1879 it was already a cart-trail, and how much earlier than that it is hard to say. By 1883 there had been a bridge over the Sturgeon, for in that year the Edmonton Bulletin reported that it had been swept out in the spring flood, and that a scow had been placed at the crossing to take the goods across. All the larger creeks, including the Tawatinaw, had bridges. The Redwater, called the Vermilion in those days, was crossed by a ferry. In the winter of 1889 a bridge was again built over the Sturgeon and another was placed over the Redwater.

The steamboat Grahame had been built in 1883 at Fort MacMurray. In 1887 the Athabasca was being built at Athabasca Landing, and that spring the Hudson's Bay Company had completed a warehouse thirty feet by one hundred feet in dimension. Not long before this they had sent a party under Baptiste Pepin, a surveyor, to relocate the Athabasca road and improve it. Pepin did a good job of locating it and, in order that its mud holes would be few, he kept it on the high land all the way. It left the Victoria Trail at Belmont (which is well within Edmonton's city limits), and turned north to Sunnyside, and then on to cross the Sturgeon at Battenburg, where a certain Milligan kept a stopping place. This portion of the old trail has since become lost in farmers' fields. It fell into disuse when the settlers began to travel over properly surveyed road allowances running north and south, and east and west. Beyond Battenburg it continued some seventy miles, winding along hillsides and around sloughs, always keeping to the high land. All along its course, great spruce trees and pine trees hemmed in the wheel tracks, shutting out the sunlight.

At first, there were no "stopping places." When the sun had set, the freighters pulled their team off the road near a handy brook and proceeded to settle down for the night. If the weather was fine, they made their beds under the pines and fell asleep to the lullaby of horses munching hay. It was only a few years, however, before there were stopping places at frequent intervals along the trail.

After crossing the Sturgeon, the old trail wound along the hillside and skirted beautiful Lily Lake, where the stopping place was kept by Bob Shaw, and later by the Widow Le Clair. Beyond Lily Lake the road kept to the side hills, overlooking the muskegs, so thick with small spruce and tamarack that the traders declared these trees grew "thick as hair on a dog." On it went past Whisky Creek, where at one time a distiller of "Athabasca Dew" carried on his trade. Six more miles brought the wearied freighters and travellers to the warm welcome of Joe Patry's place at what is now Waugh. Mrs. Patry was a daughter of the Waugh family,



—Freight Loading at Athabasca Landing about 1908

early settlers in the Edmonton area as far back as the days when the buffalo were hunted south of Edmonton.

From there the trail continued along a little creek until the Redwater River was reached. The road went on past the sharp crest of the Vermilion Hills which lay to the east, and came to Halfway Lake and to "Cap" Gullion's stopping place. There was a man of the north for you, a man of the Athabasca! The "Captain" was no idle title. Johnny Gullion had been mate of the Grahame, and later he had been captain of a boat on the Peace River. Between times he attended to his stopping place. Old-timers still talk of "Cap" Gullion, and of the feud between him and "Jack the Ripper." Jack was a freighter and an adept at stealing feed for his team. Bales of hay he could not resist. Sheaves of oats were a challenge to his skill. Gullion's oat-field, half a mile north of the pine bush, was a sore temptation to him. It became an obsession with him to outwit Johnny Gullion, and many times he did so. Once, as he was sneaking out of the hay field with a bale of hay on his shoulder, 'Cap' stole out behind him and quietly set fire to the bale. From Gullion's it was but three miles to the famous Eggies. Down between the twin lakes went the road, through low ground here, and mud holes, but it soon climbed the jack pine ridge. Here, in the autumn, bush partridges in great numbers strode about on the thick carpet of yellow leaves. Strong Creek stopping place, near modern Tawatinaw, was the next halt. Some miles before it was reached, the trail crossed the height of land. From this point on, all waters flowed to the Arctic. The road wound along, keeping a mile or so east of the Tawatinaw River, so as to stay up on the dry land. Jack pines are the most prominent feature of the landscape, they and the sand, which, in the fall, is covered with a thick mat of low bush cranberries and blueberries. In due course, Lewis's stopping place was reached. When the day came that post offices were established in the land, this was called Lewiston. In after years, when the railway came through, its name

was changed to Perryvale. Thus, in the course of years, place names change and much history is lost.

Still the road kept a hundred and fifty feet above the valley of Tawatinaw River, until at modern Meanook it descended to the west side of the stream. Meanook has an interest all its own. Although it is nearly a hundred miles north of Edmonton, it is the exact centre of the Province north and south, and almost that east and west.

Just beyond the river crossing, stood Billy Smith's place. From here it was only twelve miles to Athabasca Landing. Many teamsters and freighters made it their practice to reach Smith's in the evening. Next morning, they left their bedding and horse feed there and continued to Athabasca to unload, returning to Smith's again to spend the night. Smith had a large stopping place, and his great barns could accommodate sixty teams. He knew the needs of the freighters, for he had often freighted along the old trail himself. In the winter of 1905, for instance, he had made fourteen trips from the Landing to Edmonton.

Fourteen trips from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing in one winter! That is twenty-eight hundred miles of travel with a sleigh and team—and that over the old trail. The average time for a round trip was a week. In winter, this meant starting before daylight and travelling until noon, when a stop was made for lunch and to allow the horses to rest and feed. Then, on again, so as to make one of the many stopping places that evening after dark. Some days it was cold—forty or fifty below—but these had to be endured. Most of the winter, however, the weather was pleasant, and the trips enjoyable.

A man travelling up and down a road like this, over and over again, gets to know it intimately. This can be done at four miles an hour. It is surprising how many things there are to observe along a bush road, at that speed, as compared to the few things one sees on a modern highway in a modern car. Each bend of the road is anticipated, and as it is turned, the old familiar trees, and rocks, and the creek, come into view and seem to welcome you again. The clump of white birches, the old tree struck by lightning, the poplar that the bear climbed with the claw marks black in the white bark, the distorted jack pine—each acquires an individuality and all become familiar. The horses get to know the road too, and turn their heads and ears this way and that as if looking for old familiar landmarks. Here and there they shy skittishly at the same fallen log they shied at last week. Yes, there are many things to see on a freighting trail, and much time to reflect.

There was a wonderful camaraderie amongst the freighters that was one of the joys of the early days. The era of the stopping-place and of the livery stable has passed on. Horses are even rapidly becoming almost a curious survival. Old-timers will remember with nostalgic regret the old livery barns with their pungent smell. These old meeting-places of friends, neighbors and companions of the trail belong to another century.

Finally, the road left Tawatinaw Creek, swung around the last bend, and there, three hundred yards away, the muddy waters of the Athabasca caught the eye. Between that point of vantage and the river lay the town of Athabasca Landing. At first it had been only a warehouse and a store of the Hudson's Bay Company, but it had grown quickly. Soon there were stores, a saw mill, Anglican and Catholic missions, the North-West Mounted Police post, poolrooms, boarding-houses and the Grand Union Hotel. The river's edge was a place of activity, with scows, barges, and boats in every stage of construction. Athabasca Landing was undeniably the gateway to the North.

Most freighters were fond of their horses and took good care of them. There were those, of course, who did not. One day a freighter found a horse-collar lying on the trail—the last part of a harness one would expect a horse to lose. His companions ventured to guess that it had fallen off some horse in the teams of a well-known freighter. It was known that he never unharnessed his teams while on a trip. Late that afternoon they caught up with him and asked him if he had lost a collar. He scoffed at the idea, but, inspecting his teams, he found that the hames were resting on the bare shoulders of one horse.

Another odd character of the trail was Jack Rice. He had freighted in Montana, and had gradually worked his way north, first to Calgary, then to Edmonton, and finally along the Athabasca Trail. Now, it was a rule of the road that the teams returning with empty sleighs or wagons should pull off the road to let loaded teams pass. Jack Rice, who usually affected silk gloves, observed this rule carefully—but only when he was awake. He had three teams and freighted along the trail for years. He was in the habit of falling asleep while his horses kept up their steady pace along the road. This arrangement was very satisfactory to Jack, except for the fact that his horses would not pull out for oncoming loaded teams. Jack often woke up to hear himself being roundly cursed by the other teamsters. This habit of his became such a nuisance that it was damned up and down the whole length of the trail, and the freighters lay in wait for an opportune time to play some trick on him.

Over the Athabasca Trail passed all the freight of the North. Bundles, bales and packages destined for a hundred remote places were carried over it in wagons or sleighs. Most of the loads travelled over it during the winter, so as to be ready for the opening of navigation in the spring. In 1894, the Mounted Police at the Landing reported that, from the time the river was opened, up to May 7th, 545 tons of freight had been loaded on steamers and was on its way north.

Each steamer returning to Athabasca Landing brought out its load of furs, and from there they travelled over the Athabasca Trail on their way to the markets of the world. Later in the summer, furs from the lower MacKenzie reached Athabasca Landing. Each creek, lake, river or marsh, all over the North sent out its quota of furs. There were weasels from Fond du Lac, beaver from Fort Nelson, muskrats from Aklavik, and white fox from Arctic Red River.

And every bale of beaver, fisher, marten, or white fox from the Treeless Barren Lands—all of them travelling down the old Athabasca Trail, winding through the great forest, a narrow strip hemmed in by great spruce trees, swaying in the wind and waiting the day when they should be cut down to build the future city of Edmonton. For Edmonton, when it came to be built, was built out of the trees that grew on the forested hillsides stretching north to Athabasca Landing.

It was not lumbering, however, that turned the leafy aisles of the forest into windfalls and desolation. It was forest fires—fires started by careless hunters and trappers. There was the great conflagration of 1894. Seen from a distance, it showed as a cloud of greyish black smoke. At night, it appeared as an ominous red glow in the northern sky. The fire raged for days. It swept over the jack pine ridge and down to the Redwater River, across the Smoky River and finally, leaping the broad Saskatchewan, it raced through the last remnants of the forest, and then swept over the dry prairie grasses far into central Saskatchewan.

The following spring no trees burst into leaf. In most places no sprig of grass sprang up to relieve the universal blackness. Only the bare trunks that had once been trees stood out, stark and bare, against the skyline. The spring rains fell on blackened earth and ashes, and a sour smell arose. Nature, however, rallied from this loss and, in a month or so, she hid the charred hillsides in the green of the rapidly growing fireweed. By fall the land was beautiful again, that is, beautiful under the circumstances. For, over hill and valley, stretching for miles bloomed the purple of the fireweed. Everywhere the forest was a mass of bloom, and few sights can compare with that of hundreds of acres of purple fireweed.

The great fire of 1894 was the white man's first major attack on the forest. It opened up great areas of fertile land, and gave encouragement to white settlers to take up homesteads and to carve out farmsteads for themselves. The logical outcome of that first chop of the woodsman's axe was becoming manifest. With the fire, the Athabasca Trail lost much of its wilderness beauty. The trip over it became more prosaic. Some later travellers even went so far as to call this a desolate tract.

In 1893, the year before the big fire, the railway had reached Edmonton. Each year the business of the north increased; consequently more and more freight was being taken in over the Athabasca Trail. About this time, too, a regular stage was put into operation. It left Edmonton every week for Athabasca Landing. In due course this came to be known as the mail stage. Passengers bound for the North travelled by Kennedy's stage.

Passengers, freight and furs were not all that travelled along the Athabasca Trail. In 1905 the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan were created. Before this time Alberta was made up of the districts of Athabasca and of Alberta, with the Athabasca River as the border. It was a very important border too, for the District of Athabasca was still Indian territory. It was still owned by the Indians, and not until 1899 did they officially surrender it to Canada. The law said that

no liquor was to go into the District of Athabasca or into the North-west Territories, except for the personal use of white men, and then only under permit. The villages of Athabasca Landing and Lac La Biche being in the District of Alberta, it was legal to take liquor into them. Fort MacMurray and Fort Smith were busy places and felt that they needed liquor; Mirror Landing, Soto Landing, Sawridge and Lesser Slave Lake, were also thriving, thirsty villages, and the free flow of liquor was illegal there as well.

The stage was all set, then, for a battle of wits between the police and bootleggers. Many wanted liquor. Many others were willing to see that they got it, willing in fact to help them get it—at a price, mind you. And there were a few whose duty it was to prevent them from getting it—the North-West Mounted Police. They hated this part of their work. Nevertheless, much as it went against their grain, they tried to enforce the regulations and to prevent the escape of liquor into the District of Athabasca. In a very large measure they succeeded. It is almost superfluous to say that they spared no effort to do their duty and to suppress the liquor trade. In spite of them, however, much liquor destined for north of the Athabasca travelled the old trail, most of it concealed under a variety of disguises. Baldy Red was one of its couriers, and he was an adept. One day, as he was going in with a load of liquor, and wondering if he would be caught, he overtook some nuns travelling in a slow, uncomfortable conveyance. Like the gallant gentleman he was, he offered them a ride in his rig. They accepted with pleasure and hastened to climb aboard Baldy's load, but they did not get on until Baldy had made them a comfortable seat. No sir! He would make them as comfortable as he could. So he made a seat of his cases of whiskey, and covered them carefully with blankets and cushions. Then he drove proudly and confidently into Athabasca Landing and thence on to Mirror Landing with his doubly precious load, right past the nose of the police.

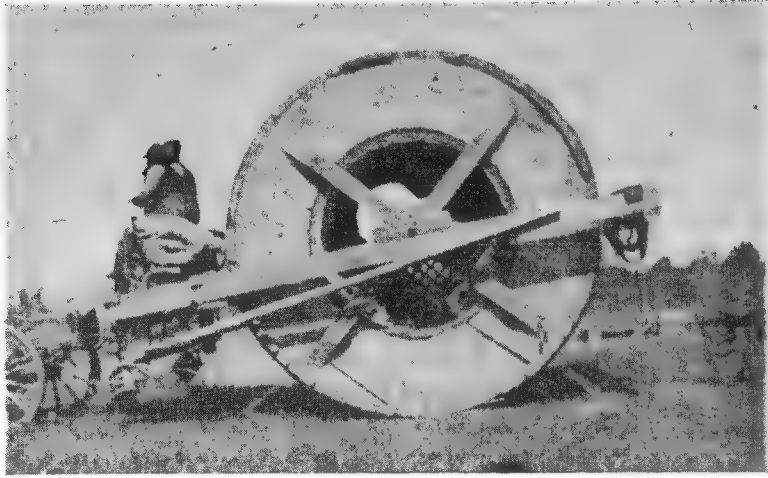
Then there was Coal Oil Johnny. He was a conscientious Mountie, trying his best to carry out the distasteful regulations which forced him to search for whisky. Word was allowed to reach him one day at Smith's stopping place, that Sad Sam was coming in with three loads of coal oil packed in the usual four-gallon tins. But, said the rumours, Sam has mixed with these cans others filled with whisky. Towards evening, sure enough, Sad Sam's teams appeared and Coal Oil Johnny went to work, carefully sampling all the cans. It was a long task, but finally it was over and the rumour appeared to be without foundation. Not a drop of whisky had been found in the three loads. It was not until the next day that Coal Oil Johnny learned that, while he had been so busy with the loads, the team carrying the whisky had slipped quietly by over a short detour.

It was very difficult for the North-West Mounted Police to prevent liquor from being sent along the Athabasca Trail, but they did their best. Originally, of course, there was only the one trail to the Landing, and this went to the Hudson's Bay Company's store. Eventually, Nagle and Hislop had a trail which branched off from the main road to their store, and so did the trader Ross. This meant

three roads to watch for liquor. Then, in the course of time, another trail was cut through the bush circumventing the town of Athabasca Landing, and reaching the river upstream. This was used for only one purpose—smuggling whisky—and came to be referred to as Whisky Trail. The police, not to be outdone, put search boats on the river six miles downstream and eight miles up. They also maintained a detachment on Six Mile Island in their endeavour to prevent smuggling. In spite of their utmost efforts, however, some liquor trickled through. It went in hidden in various ways, such as in manholes of boilers, in coal oil cans and in the carcasses of hogs.

One trader used an ingenious and effective device. He and a companion went upstream above Athabasca Landing and felled a spruce tree into the river. After watching which side floated uppermost in water, they secured to its underside twelve cases of whisky strongly lashed in place. Then they got into their boat and hastened off down the river, leaving the tree to float down with the current. At Six Mile Island they stopped to let the police search their boats, all the while keeping a sharp lookout for the tree. Eventually it came in sight, drifting by the island and disappeared around the bend. All the while they stood talking with the policemen. He commented on the size of the tree and joined with them in conjecturing how it could have got into the river. When it was safely around the bend, they set off after it, and were not long in overtaking it and rescuing from its embrace their precious whisky.

The work of maintaining law and order all over the North-West Territories was difficult enough when the country was inhabited only by Indians, Hudson's Bay traders and trappers. It became trebly difficult when the Klondikers entered the country. Many of them were lawless characters and caused a great deal of trouble among the Indians and half-breeds. They were a severe trial to the police. To try and keep track of them the Mounties made many a long trip. In December, 1897, Inspector W. H. Routledge started out on a patrol of 2,200 miles to check on the progress of the Klondikers. This odyssey took him from Fort Saskatchewan to Athabasca, down the Athabasca, Slave and MacKenzie Rivers to the Arctic. He returned safely on March 25, 1898. It was not only the Klondikers that sent the police hastening along the old trail. Weentigos appeared here and there in the Cree camps in the immense forest. A weentigo is an Indian who has been reduced by starvation to eating human flesh. Once the other Indians found out that he had done so, he was always regarded with superstitious fear. Frequently this preyed on their minds to such an extent that they felt obliged to kill the weentigo. There also appears to have been a form of insanity which sometimes prompted a well-fed Indian to yearn for human flesh. This was what possessed Moos-toos of Lesser Slave Lake who wanted to become a weentigo. Moos-toos was a very common name, and all through the Peace River Country there have been many Crees of this name. When Moos-toos' desire approached the breaking point, three of his neighbors, Nappa-sousis, Pay-u and Chuck-a-chuck, took counsel and killed him. For good measure and in order to destroy the evil spirit utterly, they



—“Rolling” a Boat Boiler from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing about 1900

mutilated him badly. This murder was committed on April 1, 1899. By April 12, Constables Phillips and Warren had taken action, and the three murderers were on their way to Fort Saskatchewan. According to Indian law, these three had done no wrong: on the contrary, after careful reflection, they had done what was best for the tribe. The killing, however, was contrary to the white man's law. Dread of the unknown punishment that would be meted out to them filled their hearts as they travelled down the old Athabasca Trail towards Fort Saskatchewan. Chuck-a-chuck died on the way. When the other two were tried some months later, Pay-u was freed and Nappa-sousis was given a token imprisonment of two months. Strange indeed were many of the processions which wound their way along the old Athabasca Trail.

Sergeant Anderson, who died within the last year or so, was one of the most famous policemen ever to be stationed in the Peace River Country. Most of his police career was spent in that region, and after he retired he lived in Peace River town. One of his more famous cases was the 'King Murder' which occurred at Sucker Lake at the south-west end of Lesser Slave Lake.

On another occasion Sergeant Anderson strode down the old trail bearing in a sack the head of a man murdered at Pouce Coupe. Two trappers by the name of Coleman and Trotter, were continually quarreling in their little shack on Pouce Coupe prairie during the winter of 1910. The story that has come down to us is that one day Trotter was making a small water trough with hammer and chisel inside the cabin. Coleman, incensed at the noise, grabbed his rifle from the wall. Trotter, in self defence, stood up and struck Coleman on the forehead with his hammer, knocking him senseless. When he saw what he had done, he immediately ran to Tremblay's store about ten miles away. When he and Tremblay returned to the cabin, Coleman was dead. It was thought best to report this to the policeman,

Sergeant Anderson, 160 miles away at Peace River Crossing. Tremblay left Trotter to look after his store and went to Peace River. Sergeant Anderson took his dogteam and returned with Tremblay to arrest Trotter. Together they went to the shack. Anderson thought it necessary to take the dead man along with him as evidence. It was impossible to do this as Coleman's body was frozen stiff. Undeterred, Anderson chopped off the head, put it in a pail, put the pail in a gunny sack, and started back to civilization. As Pouce Coupe was in British Columbia, the trial had to be held in Kamloops, which, of course, could only be reached by coming out to Athabasca and Edmonton. So down the Athabasca Trail came the Sergeant, and the killer, bearing with them their grisly trophy. At the trial Trotter pleaded self-defence, and there being no evidence to the contrary, he was released.

Many diverse personalities passed over the old trail, winding along through the jack pines: explorers, bishops, traders, trappers, Klondikers, police and settlers by the thousands. Around the next bend one might meet any of the eminent characters of the North country: Banjo Mike, Society Red, Alex Monkman, Peace River Jim Cornwall, Rutabegga Johnston, Liver Eating Johnson, Dakota Jim, Buckshot Ferguson, Staghound Jack or Buckskin Annie.

Over this trail, too, sped Billy Lutit at the time of the big flood at Athabasca Landing, when the Hudson's Bay Company's warehouse was flooded and the river threatened to sweep most of the town away. Men were needed to help fight the flood and save goods; so Billy Lutit ran to Edmonton for them—one hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

High officials of the Hudson's Bay Company travelled the trail also. That company was still supreme in the Athabasca country. All looked to it as a fair-dealing, honourable company, and to its factors as reliable men with a great knowledge of the country. The Indians, half-breeds and company servants were particularly loyal to it. One day over the Athabasca Trail the Commissioner of the Company set out to visit Athabasca Landing. The factor knew that he was coming, but he did not know just when he would arrive. Accordingly he instructed the staff to stand by at any hour of the day or night, and he told them that when the Commissioner should arrive he would have a whistle blown. When they heard the whistle, no matter what they were doing, they were to come running to the post, where they would form a procession to welcome the Commissioner.

The Commissioner arrived on Sunday morning during divine service. The factor's whistle was blown and everyone, with only one exception, obeyed the signal. The exception was young Tom Helly, the organist at the church. Next day he was called on the carpet by the irate factor who demanded an explanation. Tom tried to explain: 'It was a special service, sir; I was in the middle of the anthem, sir, and didn't like to leave the House of God.'

"Man, man," roared the factor, "couldn't ye have shown some respect!"

When the first legislature of the newly-formed Province of Alberta opened in Edmonton in 1905, Allie Brick, noted trader of the Peace River Country,

travelled down the old trail to represent his constituents in the new parliament. He may not have travelled in state, but the procession made by his retainers is one that is still talked of in the North Country. He had planned to combine public business with private, and so brought out several freight teams. Behind the teams, sometimes in single file, sometimes marching abreast, but never more than fifty feet behind, came two of God's most ungainly looking creatures. For they liked Allie Brick, these creatures with the immense ears. And they were particularly fond of his team of grey horses, and at home at Peace River they were accustomed to running with these horses in the barnyard. When Allie and his horses struck off south on this new venture, they followed constantly to render what help they could to Allie and his new province. So, over hill and dale, past leafless poplar and straggling pine, they trotted along the Athabasca Trail after the slick runnered sleigh. The opening of parliament at Edmonton may have been an event, with soldiers, police and costumed lieutenant-governor, but Allie's procession along Jasper Avenue with his two moose was a seven day's wonder.

With Allie Brick and his retainers representing the people of the Peace River Country, their cry for modern improvements naturally began to receive some attention. A telegraph line was one of their most pressing requirements; so its construction was soon under way. By 1909, it was built as far as Athabasca Landing, and of course was placed alongside the old trail. The next improvement most necessary was a railway to the north, and in a few years it too was built to Athabasca Landing. It did not follow the old trail, however, but went north from St. Albert, and for half of the distance it stayed twenty miles or so west of the old trail. As the country opened up and prosperous farms sprang into being, the gravelled road took the same route as the railway. Today one can drive to Athabasca Landing in a little over two hours, half of the way over a hard-surfaced highway. After leaving the pavement the modern road crosses the height of land and starts to descend Tawatinaw Creek. Along this portion it is very close to the original Athabasca Trail. The old trail and the modern highway almost come together at Tawatinaw. North from that village, the highway runs in the bottom of the valley, while the trail is on the high land a mile or so east. Not until each crosses the Tawatinaw River, some twenty miles further north at Meanook, do they merge.

From that point south, it is still possible to travel along the old trail to within twenty miles of Edmonton. For it had been properly surveyed in its younger days, and has maintained itself against the encroachments of fields and roads in a rectangular pattern. It is rough in spots, and rarely sees a car, but it is still there, running along the ridge east of Tawatinaw Creek ;then up into the sand hills and pine trees it goes, passing Twin Lakes, and the Vermilion Hills, crossing the bridge, many times renewed, on the Redwater River. On it goes across the fields, losing itself here and there where modern graded roads have replaced it, but always reasserting itself and running for a few more miles past Halfway Lake, Lily Lake and on towards the Sturgeon River.

The modern traveller, speeding along the gravelled road from Edmonton to the Redwater Oilfields, notices it but doubtless does not recognize it as he crosses the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway near Coronada. For here, accompanied as of old by the telegraph line, it marches off north towards Lily Lake, inviting those who would set their feet in the path of romance to come along with it.

Although a bit rough, it is still a good road. All summer long it lies there willing to take the Sunday driver with it across the gravelly knolls, down across lonely creeks and up over the jack pine ridges. In winter, when the northern lights dance and the winds sweep out of the north and hum in the telegraph wire, it sounds as if these two old cronies, the trail and the telegraph, talk over again the many secrets of the North country which they have shared for so long.



WINTER

The winter's hard,—no use denying it,
 It's hard on man and beast, a cruel country.
 With frozen pumps, and engines that won't go,
 And hoary cattle hunched beside the barn,
 And fingers numb with pulling stiffened lines
 When little folks ride home from school in blizzards . . .
 When shrieking winds blast terror from the north,
 And new born pigs stiffen beside the stove,
 A cruel country . . . yet the snow is fair,
 Those crystal mornings showing new white worlds,
 Never a sight so magically pure . . .
 And in the evenings, crackling, roaring stoves,
 Flames seen between the lids, the supper laid,—
 And men upon the doorstep tramping snow,
 Back through the storm, back from the flats with hay,
 Ready for warmth, and food, and cheerfulness . . .

And then we know how little makes us glad,
 Such humble thankfulness for four strong walls.

BARBARA VILLY CORMACK, B.A. '24.



The Blessed Event

BY H. V. WEEKES

A most blessed event has taken place but recently at our house, and I now believe myself to be the happiest man alive. I am so happy, indeed, that sometimes I wonder if I am not being a little inconsiderate of the rest of the world, but surely there are some special occasions when a man is entitled to think only of himself. It isn't that I am forgetting my wife, of course, or Frankfurter Royal, but a woman, or even as intelligent a St. Bernard as Frankfurter, can't be expected to understand how a man feels when something special comes to him—right out of the blue as you might say. They seem to miss the real significance of the event. Frankfurter does, indeed, seem vaguely sympathetic, but my wife just looks at me as though nothing at all unusual had happened. I suppose she still feels a little guilty at having got me into the mess in the first place.

Come to think of it, the neighbors didn't seem to share my enthusiasm either, but then, they have always been—pedestrian, perhaps—and so couldn't be expected to understand. They would feel differently if the same thing should happen to them sometime, and it could, you know, for we certainly didn't get into this intentionally. Things like this just happen, and my wife isn't the only careless woman in the block.

Looking back, as the novelists say, it hardly seems nine months ago that our little Super-Flippant disappeared from Frankfurter's dog house and went to the Readjustment Centre, and yet every single day I felt a pang of remorse at the fate my carelessness had brought to the finest of little cars. I kept blaming myself for having left it out at the curb during that frightful cold spell, and my chest felt tight and uncomfortable whenever I thought of the gallant little engine trying to turn over, its starter straining under the unsympathetic, professional touch of a white-coated ignitional therapist. As the months went by and the staff at the Readjustment Centre continued incapable of effecting a cure, I grew thin and unhealthy with worry, and even developed a cough of my own to match the wheezing misery that lurked beneath the hood of our little car.

Every single week end, when I had two clear days away from the office, I rode the trolley-bus to the Readjustment Centre, visited for a few minutes with my unhappy little car, and then, having waited for the usual time for the returning bus, scrambled to be back to work on time on Monday morning. I felt it was the least I could do as penance for my carelessness, and indeed, had I known all that time that it was not I, but my wife who was responsible for the trouble, I am afraid our happiest of marriages might have come perilously close to dissolution.

The Super-Flippant rides again! And under the skilful handling of author H. V. Weekes we have the charming sequel to **The Newest Profession** which appeared in the summer issue of **The New Trail**. No doubt many of our readers have pondered about the ultimate fate of the little gas-buggy, the absence of which continues to dominate the family scene in **The Blessed Event**. Mr. Weekes, B.A. '48, M.A. '50, was sessional instructor in English during 1950-51, and is proceeding to advanced studies in English at the U. of Toronto where he has a teaching fellowship.

Each week I asked the same questions, and each week I got the same replies. The experts were doing all they could, and I must be patient. A mere layman could not understand the complexities of a Super-Flippant's internal combustion. I was to rest assured that everything possible was being done. No, they had not been able to diagnose the trouble exactly, but there was a very good man just arrived from Chicago who . . . Each week I went back to work with the same feeling of hopelessness and guilt.

All through the summer I stayed away from home as much as I could, for the cheerfulness my wife assumed in my presence sounded hollow and mocking in my ears, and Frankfurter's tail no longer thumped the floor when I appeared. I can't say he actually glared at me, but there was a look in his brown eyes that I could not force myself to meet. A psychologist friend of mine at the pool hall said I was suffering from a guilt complex, but translating my feelings into jargon didn't help a bit. Somehow I stumbled through the long months of summer and early fall, and then it was winter again, the sharp sting of frost reminding me all too poignantly of that other cold spell that had ended so tragically for my little Super-Flippant.

As the snow deepened there were times when my faith in the new scientific era wavered, when I found myself speculating on what might have happened had my little car developed its trouble in the old days. In my mind I could see Fred Axel in his greasy old overalls bending over as he fiddled beneath my little Super-Flippant's shiny hood; I could see the smile of triumph on his homely, grease-streaked face as he straightened up and listened to the powerful purr of the little engine; I could even imagine myself paying him two dollars and driving away, my heart beating high with relief and joy. Each time, however, the vision would fade, I would place the devil firmly behind me, and life would go on in its proper modern fashion, the fashion that included Axel's Automotive Clinic and the chromium efficiency of the Readjustment Centre.

For other people, the approach of Christmas held its usual exhilaration, its usual thrill of speculative anticipation and unaccustomed good will, but for me the joyous music blared from department store doorways without effect. Unknown to them, my friends faced a Yuletide stripped of all the useless things I was wont to give them. My wife, in a spirit of gallant bravado, I believe, set about her usual preparations for festivities which she must have known would be barren of all joy. It seemed entirely in keeping with my own desolation when I returned unwillingly to our little home one evening to find my wife's eyes red from weeping, her nylon apron wet with tears.

"Whatever is the matter?" I cried, while Frankfurter Royal howled dismally in the hall.

My question served but to start a fresh cascade of tears streaming down the polkadot creases of my wife's apron. Her lips quivered; words hung there in unusual suspension as she pointed helplessly to a large pan of pickles. "They—they're s-s-simply ru-ined," she sobbed, her voice breaking in unhappy obligato to Frankfurter's *Pagliacci*.

I approached the pan with circumspection, my nostrils assailed by an odor which seemed not entirely unfamiliar, and then I lifted the lid. At once the scent became overpowering, and in an instant I recognized it for what it was.

"Why," I gasped, "You've tried to make the things with gasoline!"

"I just don't seem to be able to do anything right!" she murmured. Frankfurter, recognizing superior competition, had ceased to howl.

"But whatever made you do it?" I asked.

"It was in a—a—a vinegar bottle," she wept, "and I've got a c-c--old, and—oh, I don't know why I try anything any more!"

The natural husbandly compassion which has endeared me to my wife began its accustomed rise in my heart. "You dope," I began, and then stood speechless as a flash of inspiration struck like lightning into my brain, flooding my whole being with a new and trembling hope. "When did you buy that bottle?" I demanded.

"Why, I—ah, it must have been months ago," she said, my sudden intensity shocking her into an unequivocal reply.

"Could it have been in March?" I insisted. "Could it have been during that cold spell, when I was sick and the Super-Flippant . . .?"

"Why, I believe it was," she said, "but all the s-s-same I don't see what . . ."

"There's plenty you don't see," I told her, my excitement hiding from me the apparent brutality of the words. "Of all the stupid . . ."

It is perhaps fortunate for our marriage that the rest of my words were lost in the slamming of the front door. There are times when the perfect truth of a statement does not necessarily recommend it to a woman, especially when her right to the final word is denied her by a husband who is sprinting madly toward the bus stop.

There had been a bus already that day on our route, and had my inspiration been an ordinary one it might well have cooled in the icy blasts while I waited for another. So unusual was it, however, that it survived even the long, casual trip to the Readjustment Centre, and glowed in my bosom as I hurried through the subdued lighting in the rotunda and reached the smooth expanse of counter behind which sat a thin-faced, aesthetic young man in a white coat.

"I want to get my Super-Flippant out," I announced, brushing aside his restrained greeting. "I want to get it out right away."

"I'm sorry," the young man said, "but the regulations do not permit discharges after six o'clock. The daytime staff . . ."

"To heck with the daytime staff!" I interrupted, quoting at random from *The Dictionary of Characteristic Canadian Expressions* while the aesthetic young man regarded me with a new and unscientific respect. "I want my Super-Flippant right now!"

"But you know we haven't managed to fix—I mean, the malady has not yet been diagnosed, and . . ."

"Never you mind about that," I said. "I've just now smartened up enough to know what a gang of phonies you are around here. Readjustment Centre, indeed! Why, you couldn't readjust a . . ."

"Well, of course, if you're not satisfied with . . ."

"I'm not a bit satisfied!"

"Of course we don't expect a mere layman to know . . ."

"You just lead me to my car," I told him, "and I'll show you what a mere layman knows."

"And there is your account to be settled first and . . ." For a moment he hesitated, his eyes sliding away from my own firm glance, and then, as though sensing further quotations from the *Dictionary*, he capitulated. "I'll show you your car," he said, and led the way down a long, carpeted corridor to a room at the far end of the building. There, dusty but undefeated, stood my little Super-Flippant.

"Now bring me a quart of gasoline," I said, "and make it snappy."

The young man hesitated a moment, then shrugged helplessly and departed on his errand. By the time he had returned I had drained almost a quart of the fluid from the gas tank and the vacuum tank. I poured in the gasoline and handed him back the bottle.

"Now open the door," I said. "I want to drive out of here."

"But . . ."

"Open the door," I repeated confidently, climbing into the driver's seat.

The young man gave me a pitying look and moved to the shining chromium door controls. Blue and red and green lights flashed on the control panel and the door began slowly to rise. With my heart in my mouth I pulled the starter button of my little Super-Flippant.

Slowly the little engine began to turn over, the starter whining with the effort. A splutter, a cough, a backfire all ended in silence. Through the windshield I could see the aesthetic young man smiling in pale triumph. I pulled again at the starter button. The engine turned over slowly, hesitated, and then, just as I was about to give up hope, it burst into a sudden, happy, full-throated roar of power. Proudly I put the little car in gear and drove to the door, where an amazed young man stopped me with upraised hand.

"I—I'd just like to know what was the trouble," he said, his scientific assurance entirely gone. "What did you do—sir?"

"It took me a long time to figure it out," I admitted modestly, not wishing to press my triumph too far. "The trouble was vinegar in the gas line, son. The little car just had a sour vacuum tank." Then with a kindly wave I drove out. As I turned on to the busy street I could see in my rear vision mirror the white-coated figure of the aesthetic young man still standing to attention in the doorway.

As I write these final lines it is now Christmas Eve. From church steeples throughout the city the bells ring out their summons to the faithful. On the radio Bing Crosby will soon have finished his dreaming for another year. In a few minutes now, when my wife has gathered all the gaily wrapped parcels, we shall be ready to make the rounds of our special friends, giving and receiving those

things which none of us, in our right minds at least, would think of buying for ourselves. In a few minutes I shall go out to Frankfurter's dog house for the Super-Flippant and then, with my wife beside me, and Frankfurter Royal with the parcels in the back, I shall drive about this gay and joyful town. On either hand as we drive along will be the brightly lighted shop windows, the Christmas trees snuggling to every lamp post and citizens to most of them, the joyous sound of music pouring through doorways open for the final Christmas dime, the gay and happy laughter of the crowds who bash each other in a frantic search for presents for unaccountably forgotten friends. And as snowflakes settle gently upon a land at peace, we three—my wife, Frankfurter Royal, and I—will share in perfect contentment the cosy warmth of our very own Super-Flippant.



SPRING IN THE OKANAGAN

To-day I'm going shopping
 Down the lovely streets of spring
 My purse is full of golden hours
 My coin a wishing ring.
 Perhaps I'll choose this dainty frock
 Of green with daffodils
 With a petticoat of lilac sheen
 And peeping violet frills.
 But best of all this wedding gown
 Of cherry blossom lace
 Enchanting folds too lovely far
 A mortal bride to grace.

CONSTANCE N. MCFARLAND, B.A. '20.

Position of Knight Officer Awarded University Professor

The position of Knight Officer of the International Order of St. Hubert was recently awarded Dr. William Rowan, professor of zoology at the University of Alberta.

The society, with headquarters in Hinterstoder, Austria, is described as "A Hunters' Convention since 1695 A.D." and is organized for the promotion of "sportsmanlike hunting, wild-life conservation, strict maintenance of traditional customs and ceremonies, establishment of good fellowship amongst sportsmen from all over the world."

The special ceremonies took place in the Palace Schwarzenberg in Vienna. Dr. Rowan was sponsored by Austrian cabinet minister, Dr. Eduard Heintl, and the director of anthropology of the natural history museum, Joseph Wastl.

The Order is international in scope, and draws its limited membership from all parts of the world.

Trail Blazers



James Spillios



Arthur "Pot" Donaldson

James Spillios has just left to complete two years research in the South Pacific. He has been appointed research fellow at the Australian National University in Canberra. He will be working under Professor Raymond Firth, noted anthropologist of the London School of Economics, on a study of the impact of western culture on the primitive peoples of the Solomon Islands and New Guinea.

After two months preparatory work in Australia he will accompany Professor Firth on field work in the islands, where special study will be made of the social and economic position of natives in relation to their working and living alongside whites. Following their research they will go to London, England, to write their report for their joint sponsors, the Australian National University and the Carnegie Corporation.

Mr. Spillios attended Victoria High School in Edmonton. At the University of Alberta he majored in classics and obtained his Master of Arts degree in philosophy in 1947. He was well known on the campus during his undergraduate days. He was active in drama and fencing and on The Gateway and took part in Gateway news broadcasts. He was awarded a literary "A" ring and an executive "A" ring for his extracurricular activities.

Upon graduation he entered Northwestern University in Illinois, as a teaching fellow, and later went to the University of Washington as an instructor in

anthropology. While there he completed his course work for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and expects to use some of the material gained in his present trip for his thesis. Up to the present he has been doing research on the Nootka tribes of the west coast. He has given a number of papers at national conventions of the American Society of Anthropologists.

* * * *

Arthur "Pat" Donaldson is an engineer for whom the "trail" has led to many parts of the United States and finally to the Panama Canal Zone. He says it is a matter of regret that, as with so many others, "green pastures of the U.S.A. beckoned and wooed him away."

Mr. Donaldson was born in 1899 in Belfast, Northern Ireland. He attended grammar schools in Belfast and London, and then came to Canada where he attended Victoria High School in Edmonton. He attended the University of Alberta from 1918 to 1922, when he obtained his B.Sc. degree in engineering. During the summers he worked on provincial surveys and construction work. In 1922 and '23 he did cost-timekeeping in Ponoka and Calgary.

Since then he has worked on many projects—in Chula Vista, California, Flagstaff, Arizona, and various other parts of the United States. He was an engineer on the San Gabriel Dam in California and office engineer at Boulder Dam from 1930 to 1934. From 1934 to 1938 he held the same position with the Columbia Construction Company in Bonneville, Oregon, and later at Grand Coulee Dam in Washington. Since 1939 he has been construction management engineer on the Panama Canal.

Mr. Donaldson tells us he has worked on locks, docks, airfields, waterworks, sewers, highways and all types of heavy construction. He is a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers and was president of the Panama section in 1945.

He is married to Edith Helena Goodwin and has three children, Kathleen, David and Alan. His present address is Box 721, Balboa, Canal Zone.

* * * *

**Former Alumni President
Receives Industrial Promotion**

Barclay W. Pitfield, B.Sc. (Civil) '34, former president of the general alumni association, and managing director of North-West Industries Ltd., Edmonton, has recently been appointed vice-president of the firm.

Mr. Pitfield is a member of the Association of Professional Engineers of Alberta and the Engineering Institute of Canada. In addition to his highly commendable work as past president of the alumni association, "Barc" has also served as a member of the university's board of governors and senate. He is vice-president of the Alberta and Northwest Chamber of Mines and Resources, and director of the National Air Industries and Transport Association.



In Contrast

By H. W. HEWETSON

A slide down the alphabet from Alberta to Virginia lands one in a very different environment. Everyone, of course, would expect to find a new physical setting. It is true that neither region has an ideal climate, but that about ends the similarities.

The contrasts are not limited to the physical but extend to human affairs as well. While this article is to be chiefly about things academic, there is a phase of the social background which is too influential to be overlooked. Alberta is the most recently settled area in North America. Virginia, on the other hand, is the oldest permanent English-speaking region in the New World.¹ And if this were not enough, the place in which I live here calls itself *the most historic city in America*². Some of you may appreciate what the veneration of past events, traditions, old families, ancient mansions, etc., does to the atmosphere, but it will not be learned by living in Alberta.

¹As Canadians are usually not too strongly saturated with United States history, it may not be presumptuous to point out that Jamestown and Cap'n John Smith preceded the Pilgrim Fathers, the *Mayflower*, Plymouth Rock and all that.

²I am not familiar with the quantitative measures of historicity. Perhaps the number of historic shrines and markers has something to do with it.

The author of *In Contrast* when asked for a short history of his service with the University of Alberta catalogued the 19 years very adroitly by replying, "I arrived in Alberta in time to usher in the Great Depression and departed at the first signs of the dawn of the Plutozoic Era. Since then, I have picked up a Ph.D. at the University of Chicago, and have gone on professing Economics." The "professing" is being done at Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia, Fredericksburg, Virginia, and within the confines of the attractive tree-shrouded building above. Dr. Hewetson was professor of economics at the U. of Alberta from 1929 to 1948.

Now we come to the University of Virginia. This venerable institution has some features to distinguish it from other state universities. It has something of a superiority complex, in that it is generally indifferent to how things are done elsewhere. It is referred to simply as '*The University*' in a state where there are other universities. It is said that professors attending out-of-state conventions register merely as from '*The University*'. A great deal is said about learning for learning's sake and even the engineering courses stress the theoretical. Withal a higher percentage of the student body is from out of the state than is the case with any other state university.

Perhaps UVA's most distinctive feature is its associations with Mr. Jefferson³. Mr. Jefferson planned, organized and built the institution, giving his attention to even the smallest details. He directed that his tombstone bear the inscription 'The Father of the University of Virginia'. The casual visitor to Virginia's Lawn today might well be pardoned for supposing Mr. Jefferson were still alive.

What are the Jeffersonian principles that linger on? The name is associated with democracy and freedom. 'Here (at The University) there shall be no tyranny over the mind of man whether political, religious, etc.' It all adds up to the ultimate in academic freedom. The individual instructor teaches, examines, grades, etc., as he thinks best. No one has to take directives from anyone.

It will be gathered that the organization has unusual features. It may be worth mentioning that The University did not even have a president before 1905. Administrative affairs were looked after by a chairman of the faculty who was elected annually.

For the students, the Jeffersonian tradition leads to a minimum of rules. There is a state law forbidding smoking in classrooms and the police hold the usual views about the sanctity of property. Otherwise, the student is subjected to few regulations. Naturally, there are people who suggest that the freedom is abused, but we need pay no attention to them.

The West Point scandals brought the honor system to nation-wide debate. This system originated in Virginia and it is one of The University's proudest traditions. While it has been widely copied elsewhere, it does not always take the genuine Virginia form. Briefly the system means that all students are put on their honor not to lie, cheat or steal⁴. Examinations are given with no supervision. A student may get up and leave or talk freely with other students. An excuse for not completing an assignment is always accepted without question. Articles of apparel and books are left all over the campus without fear of theft. It is said that a student may get a check cashed anywhere merely by producing evidence that he is a Virginia student. You see the students are supposed to be gentlemen and the word of a gentleman is never questioned.

What opportunities for one who is not quite a pukka sahib! If you think that, you would be wrong according to those with the most experience. Here is how the

³It is considered vulgar to call him Thomas Jefferson.

⁴False statements on examinations are not breaches of the honor code. I understand that originally the code read in part 'cheating at examinations or at cards'.

system works. Freshmen in their first week are given a thorough exposition of the code. If you have never heard a Virginian speaking of anything traditional you do not know how effective speech can be. At all events, the students acquire a great zeal for honor. And what of the weak brethren who transgress? It is part of the code that no one will knowingly tolerate a breach of the code by another. If you have reason to suppose that someone has violated the code, you are honor-bound to accuse the suspect of it in the presence of a witness. He may acknowledge his guilt by packing up his things and departing forever. If he denies it, he must stand trial before the honor council, composed of students. If the council votes him guilty, the student is shipped⁵, and notices to this effect are posted on the bulletin boards. It will be noted that the students do this⁶. Newcomers on the faculty are warned not to comment on honor council decisions. This is a fearful responsibility to place on students. But surely, you say, there must be a lot of secret violations of the code. "No," say the above-mentioned people of experience. The student who thinks it clever to put something over on the professors cannot conceal his characteristics long from his fellow students. And do not forget that the honor system is a tradition, a Virginia tradition.

Now we come to the topic I set out to write about in the first place. It never occurred to Mr. Jefferson, apparently, that women were robust enough to stand exposure to higher education. And so, the University of Virginia was an all-male institution⁷. In the course of time, however, the state legislature adopted the view that the state should provide an opportunity for women to get degrees in Liberal Arts as well as Education, Home Economics and Nursing⁸. The result was that Mary⁹ Washington College, just seven years ago, was integrated with the University of Virginia as the women's division. Mary Washington is some seventy miles from the Charlottesville Branch, as we call it.

All this is leading up to the confession that I am at Mary Washington. We shall now pause to permit the engineers to finish guffawing. Ready to go on?

Mary Washington began in 1908 (a rule-proving exception to the Contrast Law) as a teachers college. On its transformation to a Liberal Arts college, Education and other vocationally tinged subjects were thrown out. A great many new buildings were erected and a largely new staff was hired.

Incidentally, I must get in somewhere the fact that Mary Washington is easily the most beautiful campus that I have ever seen, and I have seen a great many.

Now why should a man be professing in a women's college? They may seem odd or not what you would expect, but the facts are these. All the administrative

⁵i.e. cast out, sent down, rusticated, dismissed, expelled

⁶It is interesting to note that while each dormitory has a resident faculty member to act as an advisor, he has no disciplinary powers. The students look after that.

⁷In the early 1920's women were admitted to the graduate school and to such professional schools as Law and Medicine that required a degree for admission. This concession did not amount to much for, as few Canadians realize, graduate students are entirely apart from all undergraduate extra-curricular activities.

⁸The state supports eleven institutions, of which The University is only one, granting degrees of various sorts. Only two or three of these are co-educational. Private colleges outnumber the state ones, and women could get Arts degrees at about eight different places, nearly all for women only.

⁹Mary was George's mother; Martha was his wife.

officers, president, dean, bursar, registrar, librarian, publicity director, director of admissions, are male. Of the teaching faculty, the proportion between men and women is approximately the same as for all the universities and colleges in the country. The people with whom I am most closely associated, the Social Science group¹⁰, are all men. Even the Department of Physical Education has a man in it, an assistant-professor of Equitation no less.

In the United States co-education is by no means universal in higher education. The 1949-50 educational directory lists 763 institutions in the country which offer the bachelor's degree and no other. 104 of these are for men only, 162 are women's colleges, and the remaining 497 are co-educational or co-ordinate¹¹. Aside from Roman Catholic institutions, the great majority of the sex-segregated colleges are along the Atlantic seaboard and around the Gulf of Mexico to Texas. But it so happens that all the ancient seats of learning, from Harvard down or up, are in this territory, and they are not co-educational. And so we have tradition once again.

In Canada anything but co-education is now unthinkable. Yet, it may be worth pointing out that, despite the present tight Scottish grip on higher education, in an earlier day there was enough English influence to have brought about sex-segregated education if it had been at all feasible economically. But it was not feasible. As my former students know, or should know, economics contains the ultimate answer to everything.

I am quite well aware that practically everyone who has read this far will think that sex-segregation in education is unprogressive and altogether absurd. But being tolerant people, you may perhaps be willing to hear some of the arguments on the other side. Please understand, however, that I refuse to debate the question.

One argument against co-education runs that the human male from about the third grade on is mortally afraid of making a fool of himself in front of girls. The general result is that with girls in the class-room he tends to pull his punches and does not give his mind full scope. Moreover, it has taken centuries to create the illusion of male superiority. Why jeopardize this by letting the girls know how stupid boys can be in school?

As for the girls, it has been seriously maintained that they can keep their minds on work better when there are no men around. Also, the it's-too-difficult-for-poor-little-me attitude is much less effective with other girls.

The following answers to a little verbal questionnaire of mine are, perhaps, worth recording:

"It is so much more fun looking forward to week-ends than having men around all the time."

"If I went to a co-educational college, everybody would think I didn't have a boy friend."

"You don't need as big a wardrobe."

¹⁰Economics, Political Science, Sociology and History.

¹¹The co-ordinate system is the one of having a men's college and a women's college under the same control. There are various degrees of this, such as having a faculty shuttle back and forth across town to repeat classes, using a common library, being seventy miles apart, and so forth.

From two faculty wives who have had experience with both types of education, I report:

"You can study so much more at a girls' college, and it is easier to make life-long friendships."

"The men at a co-educational college always ignore their own co-eds. The interest lies in the nearest women's college." Could there be any contradiction in these two statements?

Are women's colleges cloistered? Decidedly not here. The number of girls that depart over the week-ends gives the place very much of a country-club atmosphere. There are football games, dances both away and here, and other events to provide social items. The combination of a multitude of colleges and modern transportation prevents isolation.

Is the atmosphere that depicted in *Princess Ida*¹²? Do the students thirst for knowledge? Probably no more or less than at Alberta.

There are girls at Mary Washington from thirty-seven different states, three territories and seven foreign countries. Their family backgrounds are diverse. Consequently, the viewpoints are quite varied and class discussions are lively. The students are very frank in their opinions and speak out in a way that would be scarcely probable if men students were present.

Do young ladies need a certain amount of kidding as part of their education? Anything of this sort here has to be done by the faculty. Anyway, one can observe a tendency to light banter with the students to a degree that was never characteristic in Alberta.

There are a few things I have noticed that might not be apt to occur with co-education. The girls are continually breaking out into song as they walk around or are waiting for something to begin. They can squeal to their hearts' content without any inhibitions. They get much more administrative experience, as they have to fill offices other than that of vice-president in the various clubs and societies.

Much has been said and written of late to the effect that a Liberal Arts education for women should be different from that for men. At Mary Washington, at all events, the offerings are the usual traditional subjects. But their relative popularities are very different from Alberta. Science interests very few. Leading in numbers are Psychology, Sociology and English, and not the various Fine Arts as some might suppose. One of the odd things is that only a handful of students are interested in any foreign language after the compulsory two years.

I hear the usual remarks about the stupidity of students, but I have little to complain of personally. For one thing, I have only upper class students so that the weeding out has been done by others. Moreover, Economics is entirely optional, and it is scarcely the sort of subject students pick to fill out a programme. I have some pretty good students and some that are only fair. My classes, limited to thirty, average about twelve students apiece¹³.

¹²To avoid any embarrassment for former students of English, the reference is in the writings of the master of the feminine rhyme.

¹³Shades of M142!

Many other comments might be made. For instance, there is the matrimonial nuisance¹⁴. The students are very friendly indeed, and I hope it is not all apple-polishing¹⁵.

The editor of *The New Trail* is no doubt itching to make me aware that the closing bell rang five minutes ago. Very well—

Oh, just a moment. Any questions? Yes, I find my contrasting life here quite nice. Class dismissed.

¹⁴Every so often some student takes a week off to get married. (Korean war influence.) This makes a mess of the alphabetical arrangement of one's roll book.

¹⁵As this is not being written for **The Gateway**, no observations on pulchritude are necessary.

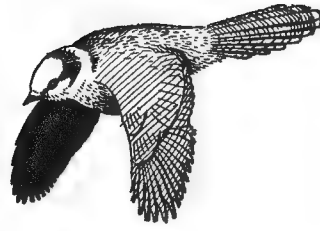


Alumni Secretary

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA invites applications for the post of **ALUMNI SECRETARY**, the appointment to be effective April 1, 1952, or as soon as possible thereafter. Commencing salary will be around \$3,600 annually, plus cost-of-living bonus now amounting to about \$600 a year.

Duties will include the administration of the Alumni office at the University, supervision of Alumni records, editing of **The New Trail**, and visiting branches of the Alberta Alumni.

Applications, enclosing a recent photograph or snapshot, should state age and other relevant personal matters, education, experience, and the names of three references. All communications should be addressed to the President, University of Alberta, Edmonton.



Whiskeyjack . .

SPEAKIN' O' PARRITCH

At the University of Edinburgh there is, or used to be, a late-winter holiday—or, rather, a winter recess—of a few days before and after "Oatmeal Sunday." As classes were not held on the Sabbath, it was thrifty to include that day in the recess period, and lose no time unnecessarily from studies.

The reason for the recess was that at this time of the year, supplies of oatmeal ran short; and it was necessary for students to return to their homes for another sack of that which was needfu' to maintain life.

There is something quaintly noble, a dour, intense purposefulness in the picture. One can see those grim students, as craggy as the granite they trod upon, striding across the rocks of Aberdeen, questing through the Highlands, crossing in small boats to the Orkneys and the Hebrides, each with his empty sack seeking not merely oatmeal, but the monosyllabic and undemonstrative love of home and hearth. And we see them return with their burdens upon their backs from a thousand crofts and shielings the length and breadth of the land; and, in days when there was no penny post, nor

other means of keeping in touch with loved ones afar, we can know the wrench it was to leave home once more. We can know the wrench; but we can also know the searing conviction that learning was worth the sacrifice. For it was not only oatmeal that was involved, but clothing and supplies, and the loss of another pair of hands in the harsh and precarious struggle to live. In that privation we can recognize also the family pride in the lad o' paitrs.

The more things change, the more they remain the same. There is still in the world that elemental and burning faith that learning is worth the price, as every teacher in every university knows. He knows, that is, if he is a teacher, for a mere lecturer may be blind to all the life around him. The eternal conviction is there—but the sacrifices are there too. And all too often no possible or conceivable sacrifice can provide the parritch at all, and the lad of parts is wasted.

* * * *

NEW FRIENDS OF THE UNIVERSITY

Miss Wilda M. Fitch, 160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Ontario.

Miss Dency R. McCalla, 53 Bernard Avenue, Toronto 5, Ontario.

Rev. D. J. S. Pritchard, Turner Valley, Alberta.

Norman Stanley Church, 418 W. Harrison St., Bozeman, Montana.

* * * *

N.B.—Friends of the University are those who subscribe five dollars a year or more to provide scholarships and research facilities, extras, for the University. They receive *The New Trail* without further subscription.—Ed.

Banff School of Fine Arts Included in Foundation Selection

The Ford Foundation of the United States has selected three outstanding educational projects in Canada as being significant, and which may have a real value in the United States by way of stimulating educational development there.

One of the projects so honoured is the Banff School of Fine Arts. The others are Camp Lacquemac, co-sponsored by Macdonald College and Laval University with the purpose of fostering inter-cultural relationships between the English and French races, and the Joint Planning Commission.

Constantly attuned to the worth of good public relations, the staff of the university's extension department have recently completed a professional looking film strip of 50 slides depicting all aspects of the Banff School and particularly stressing that the institution serves as a focal point from which radiates not only a first class program in Fine Arts but also one in adult education, the results of which continue to permeate the community.

This intelligently designed film is now available to schools, colleges, and education groups in the United States.

Books of Our Own

THE UNFULFILLED

by W. G. Hardy

(McClelland and Stewart, \$3 00)

W. G. Hardy is a first-class story teller, who won prominence as a writer of novels set in ancient times. All the verve of these tales is still in his latest book, *The Unfulfilled*, even though he has shifted his attention to the contemporary world, and sets out to discuss some of the problems which face man, and Canadian man in particular, at this time of crisis and tension.

The task which Dr Hardy set himself is a difficult one, for he is here trying to fuse the novel of ideas with the novel of action. The novel of ideas presents a writer with some peculiar problems which are not easily solved. Aldous Huxley, in his novel *Point Counter Point*, discusses some of these difficulties. "Novel of ideas. The character of each personage must be implied, as far as possible, in the ideas of which he is the mouthpiece. In so far as theories are rationalizations of sentiments, instincts, dispositions of soul, this is feasible . . . The great defect of the novel of ideas is that it's a made-up affair. Necessarily, for people who can reel off neatly formulated notions aren't quite real. . . ." The novel of action, on the other hand, tends to force the characters to act according to the necessities of the plot, and there is always the danger that psychological complexities will be sacrificed for the sake of a neat and pat solution. Dr. Hardy is obviously aware of these pitfalls, he tries, and on the whole succeeds quite admirably, to guard against them. There are times, however, when the discussion, lively though it is, seems more like a set piece than a spontaneous exchange of ideas, and when a character's difficulties are resolved with such ease that the credulity of the reader is strained. One cannot easily believe, for example, that Peter, a young man just returned from the war, and suffering from a very complex feeling of guilt because he thinks that he may be responsible for the death of two of his men, could resolve his conflict quite so smoothly as he is here made to do, even though one can

understand the difficulties which face a writer of a novel of ideas plus action

The Unfulfilled (the title itself is both symbolic and significant) raises some very important problems. How, Dr. Hardy asks, can a man, living in this land and at this time, come to grips with the realities, political, social, and geographical, which he must face, whether he wants to or not? How can he define his own position, his own identity, how, above all, can he, living as he does in Canada, withstand the powerful magnetic pull which attracts him to the United States, even as an earlier generation had been attracted to Great Britain? And, to complicate matters still further, there is the tension generated by a world divided, and the feeling that the real decisions will be taken by other people. "Do you think I like the feeling as a Canadian, that if, tomorrow, the States decide to start a war with Russia, we in Canada will be in it?" asks Gregory Rolph, the hero of the novel. "Not by our own decision, mind you. By yours!" Well, in France, or in Britain or in Canada, that gives us a right to criticize."

It is around Gregory Rolph that the novel revolves. A writer who holds liberal views, he is torn by conflicting emotions. Very conscious of being a Canadian and deeply concerned about the future of his country, he is nevertheless not proof against the lure of the United States, and against the siren calls of Lida, and Paula Mayerthorpe, who beckon to him invitingly; anxious to write serious books, he nevertheless compromises—both for the sake of money and an easy fame—with Hollywood and the slicks. His politics are, in a sense, also an attempt at striking a compromise, and here too he is not at all sure whether his position is in the long run tenable. "I still prefer to walk in the middle of the road," he says, and receives the answer: "Look out, Gregory. There might be a road block." In Gregory Rolph, Dr. Hardy gives us an excellent portrait of a type of man extremely characteristic of our time, both in his weakness and in his strength. Gregory's roots are in Canada, and hence his strength is there too—a strength symbolized by the solidity and the bonds of his family.

And because he knows, deep down, where the source of his strength is, he cannot ever really leave his country, though he can be momentarily lured away.

It is Peter, however, Gregory's son, who emerges as perhaps the best-realized character in the book, in spite of the criticism I made earlier in this review. An extremely sympathetic and warmly drawn figure, Peter grows in the course of the book from a naive young man to a mature and high-principled adult. He, too, must withstand the pull of both the United States and England; he, too, nearly succumbs, and he, too, but with less conflicting emotions than his father, makes his choice. Altogether, though he is his father's son, his character is made of sterner metal. And when old Professor de Lacey, a calm and stoic pessimist, says, "A thousand years from now our economic troubles and the Cold War and Korea and MacArthur, and the First and Second World War, will be passed over in a sentence or two

—that is, if there's anybody living, or educated enough to write. So does it matter too much?" Peter, who cannot take such an Olympian attitude, rounds on de Lacey, and cries out: "It matters to me, while I live. Any man must strike a balance between the truth of his own insignificance and the necessity for a belief in his own importance. That's my answer. I'm important, in a lesser degree, to my own generation because I am that generation. I must believe that what I and my generation decide and do, will influence the future of humanity and, since I'm part of humanity, I must believe that what humanity does and where it goes is, in some cockeyed way, important, too."

It is obvious that the problems which this novel raises are not easy of solution; it is obvious that there should be more questions than answers. But it is also obvious that merely to raise the problems and to ask the questions is extremely important.

—Henry Krelsel

NORTH POLE BOARDING HOUSE

by **Elsie Gillis and Eugenie Myles**

(The Ryerson Press, \$3.95)

This very readable narrative is the story of the adventures of Mrs. Gillis and her husband at the tiny settlement of Arctic Bay, Baffin Island, as told to Eugenie Myles. John Gillis, a meteorological officer, was posted to the radio-sonde station there and it was Mrs. Gillis' duty to cook for the staff of four, hence the title of the book.

The only approach to Arctic Bay is by sea and a vivid account is given of life aboard the *Nascopie*, ice breaker and freighter of the Hudson's Bay Company. The couple boarded the ship at Churchill, and for the next few weeks it was to be their home. The reader is carried along with the vessel and its interesting passengers—clergy, constables of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, personnel of the Hudson's Bay Company, doctor and dentist—to a number of sub-arctic ports and finally to Arctic Bay at the northern end of Baffin Island. At Pond Inlet the manager of the Hudson's Bay post was married aboard the *Nascopie* to his fiancée, who was one of the passengers. While navigating Prince Regent Inlet the ship was caught for a short time in an ice floe. A memorial ceremony was held

in this ice-bound passage in honour of Sir John Franklin, whose expedition was lost in arctic waters a hundred years ago. At Fort Ross on desolate Somerset Island, John was asked to serve on the jury at the murder trial of an Eskimo woman who had killed her husband several years before. In Mrs. Gillis' description a striking contrast is drawn between the mentality of the white man with his formal legal procedures and the childlike Eskimo, who could scarcely grasp the meaning of the ceremony. It is with considerable relief that we learn of the relatively light sentence.

The rest of the book deals with interesting and very human aspects of community life in Arctic Bay. The celebrations of Christmas and Easter are described with the comings and goings of the natives as they brought their furs to the trading post. One gets an insight into the personality of the Scottish Hudson's Bay manager, loyal representative of the ancient company. The Anglican and Roman Catholic missionaries become real to us as they mingle with the staff of the meteorological station. A spirit of genial comradeship pervaded the life in the settlement, and it was with regret that the little group of friends broke up the following autumn when the *Nascopie* arrived with replacements. There were, no doubt, times

of anxiety during the dark days of winter. Mrs. Gillis' description of her toothache and the amateur dentistry to which she was exposed has its amusing side in retrospect.

The book is mainly the story of Elsie Gillis' experiences in the Arctic. The reader is able, however, to understand to some extent the vast gulf which lies between the outlook of the Eskimo and the complexities of civilization which are being inexorably thrust upon him.

A number of good photographs are included, but the book would have been enhanced by the addition of a map of the Eastern Arctic.

Elsie Gillis is the daughter of Dr. F. S. McCall, former principal of Alberta College. She is a graduate of the University of Alberta, B.A. '36, and taught for a time at Alberta College. Her husband is a former navigator in the R.C.A.F. They have two children.

Eugenie Myles, co-author of the book, graduated from the University of Alberta, B.A. '27, and later taught school. For some time she was on the staff of the Edmonton Journal, and in 1937 reported the coronation from London. She is married and has two children.

—Kenneth A. Ward, M.D.

WHEN KINGS ARE ARMING

by Denis Godfrey

(Jonathan Cape, London, \$2 25)

Nazis from the German legation, members of the terrorist I.R.A., deserters from the R.A.F.—all were to be encountered in the salons of an Ireland profitably neutral in England's war; and although they play no active part in this, the latest of Denis Godfrey's three novels, their presence helps to define the vaguely sinister atmosphere that informs the book throughout. With all the authority and forthrightness of one who knows from first-hand experience of what he writes, Dr. Godfrey introduces the reader to an Eire where the British cause is an unpopular and lost one, the B.B.C. is switched off in favour of German news, and the lights from Dublin to the border act as beacons for raiders intent on destroying the loyal cities of the North.

Against this background Dr. Godfrey tells the tense and highly dramatic story of Hugh Haslitt and David Blakely, two young Englishmen for whom the hell of war has been postponed by virtue of their university studies at Dublin, but for one of whom, at least, a hell no less terrible has been designed by whatever forces they be that mark a man for tragedy. For this is the story of a man who acquiesces in events too readily and by doing so, finds himself enmeshed in circumstances that lead inevitably to his destruction. The tale is simple enough. David falls desperately in love with a beautiful Irish girl, Drina Moyrahan, who does not return his affection, who is indeed incapable of love, for she is marked by a coldness of heart that the author finds, somewhat paradoxically, to be typical of Ireland

and the Irish. He persists in his pursuit of Drina, despite himself and at the expense of moral integrity and university career, until, after a shocking revelation of her total incapacity to feel, he seeks refuge from her and from himself in the impersonal activity of warfare. Although he enlists and leaves Eire, David finds no relief from his obsession, but deserts only to return to Drina and meet his destruction—not, however, without first having been elevated by his experience to a point where he can view his fate dispassionately and meet it on his own terms.

In its outlines—a familiar story, vaguely reminiscent of Somerset Maugham. The impact of the book, however, derives not from this skeleton of a tale, but from the ideas with which it is fleshed. David is destroyed by something more than a disastrous love affair: his progressive degeneration is associated with the degeneracy of a soulless, cruel and barbaric Eire, which, in turn, reflects in little the "decline of the West." And Drina—she of the ideal beauty that masks coldness of heart—Drina is symptomatic of this decline, an embodiment of evil, with evil defined as the utter failure to comprehend good. "The external perfection of beauty, the inner deficiency of soul! Had there been correspondence she would have looked, certainly at times, as hideous as sin."

Using a method not unlike the microscopic analysis of Henry James, Dr. Godfrey searches out and subjects to intense examination the impulses that determine David's actions. But the book is not splintered in the process, for a warp and woof of symbol and echo and foreshadowing are woven into its texture, giving

it internal strength. Hugh's story, moreover, which is David's story cast in another mould (playing as great a part in the book), is worked into the fabric of the whole in such a way that the tale takes on some of the structural qualities of an antiphonal hymn, the reader's attention being shifted from David to Hugh, then back to David again, the whole unified by the essential oneness of the two themes.

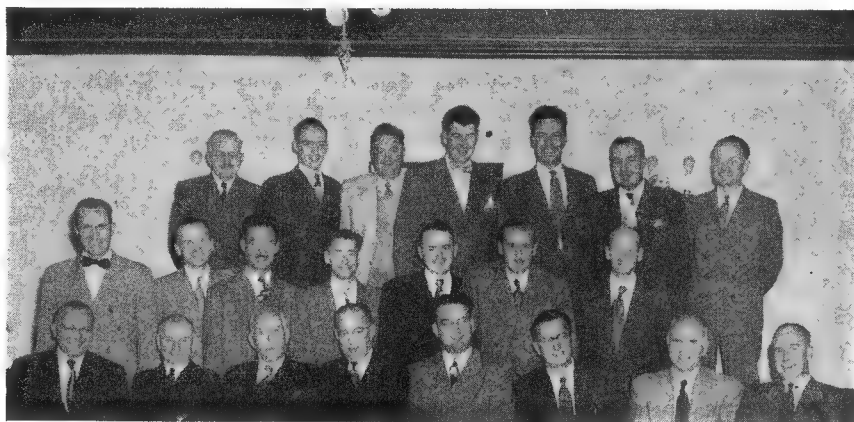
Hugh's ambition, indeed passion, is to be independent of his environment, drawing upon his own inner resources for sustenance. The ordered life, mastery of passion—these are his ideals; and toward this end he withdraws as far as possible from contact with Ireland, potentially so dangerous, and in effect from life itself. At first he responded wholeheartedly to the romantic Ireland of his imagination, but, with David before him as a warning of the perils that lay in that direction, he planned his lines of retreat and sought refuge in his studies and the pursuit of a

degree which, for him, had come to mean all that was stable and certain.

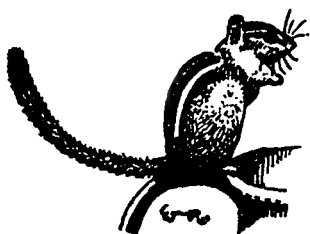
Hugh's success and David's failure—the meaning of Dr. Godfrey's book does not exist in this simple contrast. For Hugh's success is qualified: he continues to exist, when David does not, but at the expense of living; and one is led to wonder just how much David really did fail in the end. The point is, rather, that "there be souls must be saved and there be souls must not be saved"; and that is all that anyone can say. The final judgment is not ours; nor does the author of this book presume to pass it. What he does do in **When Kings Are Arming** is to depict the struggle for one's soul, which is, after all, the business of life. This book shows that it is also the business of art. In a prose remarkable for its accuracy and precision, Dr. Godfrey tells a mature and provocative story which this reader, for one, will not soon forget.

—R. George Baldwin.

* * * *



At a class reunion held recently by the Meds of '41 it was decided to set up a loan fund for needy medical students now at University. The idea proved to be so popular that \$300 was donated on the spot. It is anticipated that this figure will be boosted to \$2,000 by the end of the year. Looking cheerful about the prospects are, front (left to right), Drs. C. Megas, J. J. Ower, E. Greene, D. B. Leitch, G. Blott, C. McNeill, J. Scott, J. McGregor; centre, B. Kullberg, N. Woyewitka, J. C. Kato, A. E. Caldwell, B. Lazaruk, J. H. Young, D. Moffat; back, C. H. Smith, A. Dobson, W. A. Young, D. C. Ritchie, Bill Cadzow, John W. Hunt, N. Nix.



the chipmunk

The Christmas season was saddened for all those concerned with **The New Trail** by the sudden death of our editor, Mr. J. W. E. Markle. Others will have expressed much better than we could hope to do, how keenly the university will feel his loss. We cannot, however, but add a personal tribute to one whom, over the past three years, we have come to know and admire very deeply. Our own work for **The New Trail** has to be done in the little spare time allowed by the demands of a young family, and we had occasion many times to be grateful for the kindness and consideration he showed at all times and for the inspiration which his own enthusiasm for the job imparted to all who were privileged to work with him.

The chipmunk, like a great many others on and about the campus, has been whiling away some of the long winter evenings reading the Massey Report. There is one section in particular which seems to sum up something that, through the writing of this column, we have come to regard as a very important aspect of our university. This section points out that the university in Canada is the "local patron of arts, letters and sciences", it acts as host and often supplies leadership to many societies, it is the "fountainhead" of a host of communal activities and it "reaches far into the community through night classes, summer school, musical organizations, extension departments and through voluntary societies."

If this is true of Canadian universities as a whole, it is noticeably so here at Alberta. Evening classes are now in full swing and more popular even than last year. With every issue this column notes a new course to be offered by the extension department. The philosophical society this winter is offering an excellent series of lectures by staff members. The last was a talk by Mr. A. Crighton on "Methods of Modern Composers". Illustrating

his lecture by records and the piano, Mr. Crighton sought to give his audience a better understanding of the methods and aims of modern music.

One of the most enjoyable events of the Christmas season was a Christmas concert given in the mixed lounge by the university symphony orchestra and the newly formed University Singers. Last year a similar concert was enthusiastically received, and I trust that this will become a firmly planted tradition.

Still another note on campus musical affairs — Miss Jocelyn Rogers, a 1951 graduate, has been appointed extension lecturer in music at the university. She will work with the music division of the Department of Fine Arts, located in the Rutherford Library. Miss Rogers will aid communities wishing to receive instruction in choral leadership and music appreciation and will assist in solving the general musical problems of any community which may request her services. She will assist in the formation of choral and orchestral groups in the province. Miss Rogers was very well known in many extra-curricular fields during her university career and will be known to many as a former accompanist of the University Mixed Chorus.

From music to butter is a long jump but one which only serves to point up the breadth and variety of the university's services. The Defence Research Board of Canada has extended a grant to the university for the purpose of determining a satisfactory method of storing butter up to a period of two years. The grant is prompted by the problems of storage and transportation conditions faced by the armed forces.

Canned butter has been used for some time by northern trappers and prospectors and by the armed services. However, canning does

not prevent the development of micro-organisms in butter as it does in other foods since sterilization and other processes cannot be applied to butter. Canned butter will remain palatable for about thirty days but shows a pronounced tendency to deteriorate when subjected to extreme temperatures. Rancidity, due to bacterial and oxidative causes and melting, are the principle defects encountered.

A four-day nursing institute on "Nursing Aspects of ABC Warfare" was held on the campus recently. Seventy nurses, chosen on a regional basis throughout the province, dis-

cussed atomic, biological and chemical warfare as it affects nursing care. Leadership and instruction came from a team including Peter M. Bird, M.Sc., scientific officer of the health radiation section, Department of National Health and Welfare; Gordon E. Fryer, M.D., I.M.C.C., medical consultant and Miss Evelyn A. Pepper, R.N., F.O.S.R., nursing consultant to the civil defence health planning group; Miss Mildred Walker, R.N., M.A., senior nursing consultant of the industrial health division, Department of Health and Welfare; and Miss Esther Robertson, R.N., B.S.

* * * *



—Alumni Homecoming, 1951—Alumni President A. C. McGugan Registers

The Annual Homecoming has become a pleasant custom on the campus. This spring a new kind of open house is to be held—a "Parents' Weekend". The purpose of this scheme is to give parents a closer acquaintance with the life of the students. The date is February 29th to March 2nd.

Students and faculty will present displays covering many phases of student life. Two of the most popular events of past years will be included on the program. The agriculture field day will be a major attraction. The agriculture part of the campus will be turned over to students, parents and country children who come from many parts of the province every year. There will also be a University athletic night.

Two items of interest have come up concerning staff members. Dr. Bert Mayo, head of the Department of Political Economy, has been elected head of the Edmonton branch of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, and Dr. J. W. Campbell has just published a new manual.

Dr. Campbell's book, "A Manual on Catenary Calculations," is designed to serve as a practical supplement to one chapter of his text, "An Introduction to Mechanics," and sets forth the formulae and methods given in the text in such a way as to make them convenient for use by engineers. The practical application of catenary calculations lies in the field of power transmission and telephone and telegraph communication, specifically in calculating the strain on lines and cables suspended between supports with varying conditions of weather and temperature. Dr. Campbell's manual in manuscript form has been in constant use by Calgary Power Ltd. in working out the mechanical conditions of stringing, and they have found calculations by this method simpler and easier than by other methods.

Dr. H. E. Duggan, radiologist at the University Hospital, is the first recipient of the John S. MacEachern fellowship for post-graduate work on cancer research. He will spend nine months at the Royal Cancer Hospital in London, England, and three months in Denmark, Sweden and France. The fellowship was established in memory of Dr. MacEachern,

first president of the Alberta division of the Canadian Cancer Society.

1952 Rhodes Scholar is John Duby, 21, of Edmonton. Mr. Duby is in fourth year chemical engineering, and has been the winner of many awards. He came to University from Rycroft on scholarship. At university he twice won the A. MacLean Bursary, and was awarded the Chemical Institute of Canada book prize last year, as well as one of the scholarships given by the City of Edmonton. He received University honor prizes for first class standings in 1949 and 1950, and last year won the prize offered by the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity to the student receiving the highest standing among those in the pledge group.

On the extracurricular side, John Duby is past secretary-treasurer of the student branch of the Chemical Institute of Canada, and was circulation manager of *The Gateway* two years ago. He also took part in interfaculty athletics. Until he received his navigator's wings last summer, he was a member of the university auxiliary flight of the R.C.A.F. and now belongs to the R.C.A.F. reserve. He holds a private pilot's license and is a member of the university flying club.

Mr. Duby has not yet decided on the course he will follow at Oxford, but hopes to take a broad general course rather than applied science.

Ross Gibson Robinson of Lethbridge has been awarded the I.O.D.E. Post-Graduate Scholarship, Overseas. This scholarship, valued at \$2,000, is tenable at any British university, and is for the 1952-3 term. Mr. Robinson is an R.C.A.F. veteran, having been a navigator with a transport squadron in India and Burma and was discharged in 1946 with the rank of flying officer. He received his B.A. degree with first class honors in philosophy in 1950, and an M.A. in 1951. At present Mr. Robinson is doing post-graduate work at University College, London, toward a Ph.D. degree in philosophy.

The S.C.M. has made plans to bring a Korean student to Alberta next year. Members of the organization will work in their spare time to raise funds for this purpose. Although a medical student is preferred, any student in social service, agriculture or engineering would be acceptable.

» » Alumni Notes « «

'27

A breezy two-page note from **Ernest and Marion Tinkham** discloses that this energetic couple, resident in Indio, California, have built a new home for themselves and established a thriving menagerie "under the date and grapefruit trees".

'28

Lesley Muriel Heathcote has been elected president of the Pacific Northwest Library Association—an organization of over 600 librarians from British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana

'30

Harold George Reiber is head of the chemistry department at the University of California at Davis.

'38

Dr. E. Y. Spencer writes that he has accepted the position of principal chemist in the new science service laboratory of the Department of Agriculture at the University of Western Ontario at London. Two of his associates in the new laboratory are **Dr. D. M. Miller** '46 and **Dr. G. D. Thorn** '43 in the chemistry section and **Dr. R. A. Ludwig** '39, principal plant pathologist.

'39

George W. Robertson is still with the meteorological service of Canada, but has a new job helping to organize the central weather analysis office and long range forecast service for the Dominion

'40

Robert C. Peck is now working as an industrial engineer with Northern Aluminum Company Limited, at their plant at Rogerstone, a small town near Newport, England.

'41

Wm. E. Kostash, assistant general secretary of the Alberta teachers' association from 1950 to 1951, resigned his position and is now teaching at Rutherford School in Edmonton.

'42

John A. Dougan is with the Canadian Embassy in Lima, Peru.

'44

Jack Forster is on construction work at a

hydro electric project for the Aluminium Company of Canada.

'46

Marshall N. Grant transferred from plant pathologist at the science service laboratories at Lethbridge to the Experimental Farm Service to become officer-in-charge of the cereal breeding laboratory in Lethbridge.

We received a letter from **Kenneth A. Simpson** telling that since October he has been an accountant on the Alcan project in Nechako, B.C., and expects to be up in the wilds for another year. He also states that **Peter Swityk** '49 is chief accountant on the project there.

'47

Marcia Gillespie has been appointed assistant in the department of home management at Macdonald Institute. Miss Gillespie was engaged in post-graduate work at Hart House, University of Toronto, prior to her appointment to the staff of the Macdonald Institute.

Mrs. H. W. Reich (nee **Marian L. Davenport**) is teaching Latin at Lethbridge Collegiate Institute, and both she and her husband have pilot's licences so in their spare time they "take to the air".

'48

Enid Mary Glauser is working for the Montreal Engineering Company, where she is secretary to Mr. G. A. Gaherty, the president.

Herbert Ernst Wahl received his M.A. '49 (meteorology) from the University of Toronto, and since has been in many parts of Canada "divining" the weather.

'49

Mrs. John F. Perrott (nee **Laura May Townsend** '49) and **Mr. John F. Perrott** '49 are settled on their farm west of Stavely, and are the proud parents of a daughter, **Beverly Jean**, born July 31, 1950. In a very newsy letter from Mrs. Perrott she gave us some interesting information about other U. of A. grads living in Stavely. **Harry Newson** is teaching at the Stavely High School, as is **Stanley Norris**. Mrs. Norris is the former **Marjorie Parsons** '45.

'50

Harold V. Weekes—The following is an excerpt from a letter to **Mr. Geoffrey B. Taylor '25**, Registrar of the University of Alberta.

"The University here is much larger and more impersonal than the University of Alberta. Professor Priestly, Professor Fisher, and of course Bob Blackburn, have already accepted me simply because I come from Alberta. Another Albertan here is Phil Campbell, in Botany, one-time editor of the Evergreen and Gold. Among the English fellows I am the only Albertan, but U.B.C. and Manitoba are represented in strength, so there is a decidedly western flavor to the Fellows' room."

'51

Lorna Bisset received both the T. Eaton Company and Hudson's Bay Company gold medals in commerce, in May, 1951.

John W. Cookson is field supervisor for the Wetaskiwin municipality.

Grant Devonshire is a chemist (lubrication) for McColl Frontenac Oil Company in Toronto.

Dr. Stuart Fleming opened a practice in Red Deer in August.

Edmund Marr Foo is assistant gas engineer with the petroleum and natural gas conservation board in Calgary.

Mabel L. Geary is teaching home economics at Leduc and Calmar.

* * * *



—Comparing Notes at Homecoming—Three Members of the Class of '26
l. to r.—K. R. Jamieson, B.A. '24, LL.B. '26; Mrs. W. S. Scarth, B.A. '26; A. W. Giffen, B.A. '26, C.A. '36.

NEWS from the branches

Toronto

If you can't come, then phone!
If you can't phone, then write!
If you can't write, you'd better come and do some explaining!

Sounds like the executive of the Toronto branch really meant it when they were drafting an attractive news sheet proclaiming an informal alumni luncheon meeting in December.

It was the sort of outing that one would feel sorry to miss for there was something "laid on" for everyone. To get back to the announcement again.

You could:

- bring the little kids to see Santa
- take the big kids to visit him, too
- finish off your last minute Christmas shopping
- catch up on the latest U of A gossip
- meet some newly displaced alumni
- treat your better half to a meal out.

Date-lined January 9th, we learned by circular from J. A. Tuck, branch registrar, that 70 alumni—new and not so—turned up.

Victoria

In a letter from R. W. Chard, secretary of the alumni group in Victoria, we learn that five meetings were held in 1951, "two at the homes of Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Turner and Mr. and Mrs. A. Chard, two with the Misses Mahaffy and Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Burns, and a picnic."

Nurses Alumnae Association

Taking time off from their busy round of duties, the nurses have decided to institute a scholarship fund for their members, and in this connection have undertaken a number of money raising projects.

Before Christmas a bazaar and sale of home cooking was held in the new auditorium which now enhances the nurse's residence. Proceeds from this and other functions are directed towards a realization of the scholarship plan.

Lethbridge

Just at present the alumni branch in this thriving city is without a secretary, Miss Jennie Henderson having moved to other pastures.

Dr. Cairns, president, wrote early in the fall to say that preparations for the annual "Varsity Ball" were under way.

Ottawa

Your editor had been wondering about the activities or no of the alumni branch in the capital city.

Then shortly after the advent of 1952 Miss Agnes Fleming, secretary, called to say that she had been sojourning briefly in the West, was catching the next plane out of Edmonton in fifteen minutes, and to rest content as all was well. As customarily, a fresh slate of officers had been struck, and they were to have been installed at an early meeting.

Montreal

The second meeting of the 1951-52 season of the Montreal branch was held in the Windsor Hotel in November with president Art Thompson presiding. The Montreal group was happy to welcome Dr. Andrew Stewart to the meeting, and after a short business session, during which incoming president W. E. Scott and his new executive were presented, the guest speaker was introduced by Harold Poole.

Dr. Stewart gave a most interesting outline of the new developments in the province of Alberta and of the expansion around the campus. The meeting was then thrown open and a lively question period followed, questions being asked in turn by graduates of two and twenty-two years ago. Interest centred about the whereabouts of favorite professors, the new buildings on the campus and about well remembered spots and personalities around the U of A.

Peace River

On a day in December Donald Cameron, director of the University's department of extension, had an appointment to speak to the Canadian Club in Peace River.

The word soon got around, and S. W. Hooper, superintendent of schools for that division, asked him if he wouldn't also give a talk to the alumni group while he was in town.

Mr. Cameron chose as his topic, "The Role of the University in the Community," and came back quite overwhelmed by the enthusiasm of the 35 graduates who attended.

"They're really keen up there," was the way he put it.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In this issue, the last one of Volume IX, we wish to thank most sincerely all who have assisted us in our editorial duties. We have been watchful to make *The New Trail* not only what the staff and alumni of this university wish it to be but also to keep it up to the standards of the many other really fine publications of university and alumni groups. In so doing we have been most fortunate in the co-operation we have received. So much so, that to say merely "Thank you" seems pitifully inadequate.

Our contributors have been most generous. They have given of their time and energy most unselfishly and we feel most acceptably. We are happy to acknowledge thus publicly our obligation to them. To the various business firms who have assisted us to keep down costs we say a special word of thanks and express a lively hope that our pages have been good for business. Professor Salter, Edith Park and Joan Hudson, as editors of special columns, have done splendid jobs. Professor Glyde as art editor and "Mac" Whidden as business manager have been of invaluable assistance, nor must we neglect to note the fine work of the University Press. Mrs. Donnan and her cohorts have always gone the extra mile in spite of pressure of work and shortages of staff.

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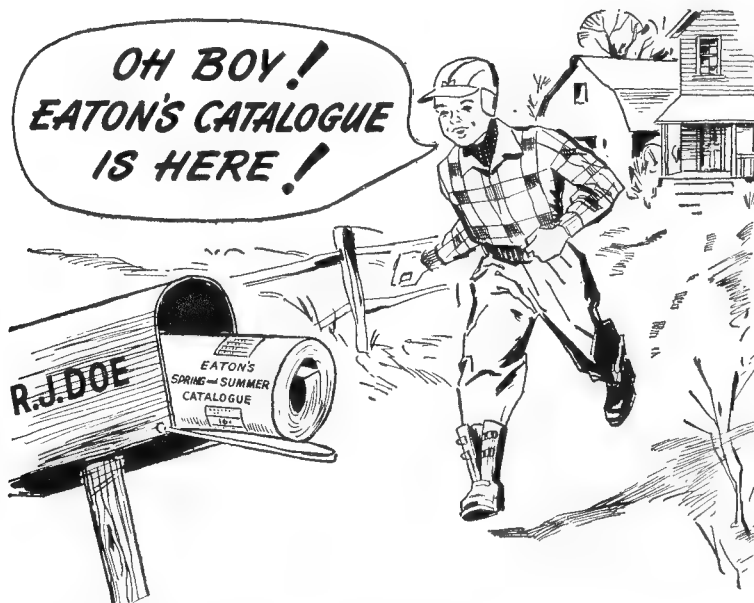
Recent Marriages

Dalton Arthur Bales to IRIS VIVIAN AMUNDSEN '41.
 Charles B. Balfour to BERNICE BUTTERIS '44.
 ALAN FERGUS CAMERON '51 to GLORIA CONSTANCE IRVING '51.
 Mr. Davis to EILEEN L. MACARTNEY '47.
 OWEN GARLAND HOOPER '51 to Helen Marie Gibson
 Robert Kohn to FRANCES ELEANOR L. HOLDOM '44
 J. F. MacEachern to MARJORIE A. BAILIE '49.
 DR. GEORGE D. McIVER '50 to MARGARET LILLIAN STEWART '47.
 WM. ALEX. McLAGGAN '47 to SHEILA FORREST '50
 URBAIN MAHLON MANGAN '50 to Joan Carole Burger.
 R. A. Stearne to PAULINE ARNETT '48.
 JOHN R. WILSON '51 to ELAINE A. BROWN '51.
 Robert Ronald Woodcock to MARION MYRTLE SHARPE '51.

DR. R. L. RUTHERFORD

The University suffered a great loss in the death, on January 29, of Dr. R. L. Rutherford.

Dr. Rutherford had been a member of the department of geology at the University of Alberta since 1923, and was considered to be one of the foremost oil authorities in western Canada.

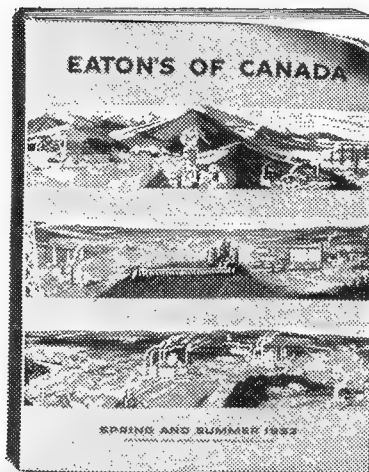


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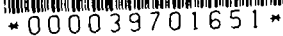
"Excavating—prettied up".

This, conceivably, could be the title of the front cover designed by J. B. Taylor, A.O.C.A., Painting Division, Department of Fine Arts.

During the late summer and on into the fall, that corner of the campus immediately west of the Med building throbbed with activity as work on the excavation for the new Engineering building progressed. Right up until the snow began to fly and the ground resisted the bite of the huge swinging shovel, fleets of trucks commanded the right-of-way as they strained past St. Joseph's College with their capacity loads of grey clay.

To capture the spirit of the occasion for our readers was the thing. We are indebted to Mr. Taylor for doing just that.

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